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CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	25
COLD WAR BECOMES COSTLY	27
CONVERSATION WITH DR. MOSSADEQ. By Kingsley Martin	27
LONDON DIARY. By Flavus	29
THIS ENGLAND	30
ONE FOR THE ROAD. By Sagittarius	30
WHAT HOPE FROM GERMANY? By Heinrich Fraenkel	30
THE POLITICS OF FREE ENTERPRISE—III. By John Cates	31
HARD THINKING ON INDO-CHINA. By A. Werth	32
SO THEY SAY . . . By Autolycus	34
SNOUTS AFIRE. By Aylmer Vallance	34
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	
Schubert's Quintet. By D. Shawe-Taylor	36
Radio Notes. By Naomi Lewis	37
The Movies. By William Whitebait	37
CORRESPONDENCE	38
From C. Gordon Rowlands; Graeme C. Moodie; Roger Frankenburg; S. H. J. Cox; H. J. Massingham; R. L. Leonard; Denis Browne; P. F. Onyon; Elizabeth Monroe; Frank V. Hawkins; G. Roughton.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett	41
THE AUTUMN MAENAD. By Lynette Roberts	42
BALANCE SHEET. By Anthony Cronin	42
REVIEWS:	Page
Scientific History. By R. H. S. Crossman	42
Towards the Study of Yeats. By T. R. Henn	43
Wyndham Lewis the Artist. By Patrick Heron	43
The Atom. By Basil Davidson	44
Attics of the Mind. By G. S. Fraser	44
Thomas Mann. By Stephen Spender	46
New Novels. By John Raymond	47
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Edward Sackville West	47
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	48
CHESS. By Assiac	49

The Man on the White Horse

GENERAL EISENHOWER has at last become an avowed contender for the Presidency. His statement last Monday left no doubt that he is willing to be nominated by the Republican Convention in July, and that Senator Lodge and his associates in the Eisenhower-for-President movement are authorised to speak on the General's behalf. He insisted, as was proper for a serving soldier, that he will not actively campaign for the nomination; but he has evidently realised that, unless he publicly endorsed the group headed by Senator Lodge, he might not get the "clear-cut call to political duty" he expects, and he would lose the nomination by default.

Four years ago, he could have had the nomination of either party for the asking. To-day, though his prestige remains almost as high, he will not be "drafted" by the Republicans without energetic pre-Convention efforts by his friends. For Senator Taft, his chief rival, has not wasted the months in which the General would say neither nay nor yea. He has been campaigning busily, securing definite pledges from Convention delegates and building a powerful machine in the key states. Support may wilt away from lesser candidates such as Governor Warren and Mr. Stassen, now that the General's intentions are known for certain; but it will be hard for the Eisenhower faction to break the firm hold which Senator Taft has on a large section of the Republican machine. Moreover, much of Senator Taft's support comes from the wing of the Republican party which is profoundly suspicious of Eisenhower's "internationalism" and of his association with the Eastern and more "liberal" party elements—Lodge, Saltonstall, Duff and Dewey, for instance—whom the die-hards distrust as "crypto-Democrats." For this reason the General's "clear-cut call" can be heard only after a bitter fight inside the Republican party.

Eisenhower's last-minute decision, in fact, will make the struggle for the Republican nomination a fascinating study in U.S. politics. He will have behind him the greater part of the press—the normally Democratic *New York Times* has already declared for him, and the Luce publications will certainly support him—and where Senator Taft appeals to the party machine, the General appeals to the Republican voter. Eisenhower, moreover, is by far the most attractive "national" candidate. He can win many floating and Democratic voters, and he might—with Dixiecrat backing—repeat Herbert Hoover's feat of carrying some Border and Southern states.

But what kind of President would he make? His interest in Europe sets him against the Asia-first Republicans; he broadly supports Mr. Truman's foreign policy and opposes Senator Taft's. In domestic affairs, so far as he is familiar with the issues, he is conservative. The Dixiecrats like him because they believe he would steer away from Mr. Truman's "pro-Negro, pro-Labour" Fair Deal—reaffirmed in the Presidential speech on Wednesday. Two factors, however, may weigh against him. Firstly, there is a deep-rooted suspicion of military men in politics. Washington apart, the soldier-Presidents have not had happy records. Secondly, the Man on the White Horse too often turns out to be the creature of the professional politicians once he becomes the Man in the White House, and Eisenhower's known unfamiliarity with domestic politics might, despite admirable intentions, make him a bad President.

It will not be clear for months whether these doubts will bar the General's entry into the White House next January. He may find that his chief obstacle, in a year in which Mr. Truman and the Democrats appear to be foundering, is that the Republicans will decide that they will win anyway. If that is the case, they may prefer to choose a professional and regular leader like Senator Taft—who, after all, is closer to the rank-and-file Republican's mind—than an outsider whose main qualification would be that he could win in a lean year and carry in the local Republican candidates on his coat-tails.

No Progress in Korea

In both the tents at Panmunjon the truce talks are at a standstill. In one, the teams are deadlocked on the question of prisoners; in the other, no way has yet been found to reconcile the American and Communist conceptions of what a truce would mean. The Communists continue to insist that they may rehabilitate military airfields—a point which the Americans find it impossible to concede. The Americans, however, have made an offer to permit "certain" airfields to be restored for "civilian" use, and this, coupled with the dropping of American demands for air inspection and acceptance of the Communist proposal to divide the inspection teams into two sections—one for the buffer zone and another for behind the lines—does amount to a

concession of substance. The discussion about prisoner exchanges has now bogged down in a rambling controversy about the "engulfed" civilians—those who refuse repatriation, and those "enlisted," under various degrees of compulsion, into the opposing armies.

It is not clear how these deadlocks can be broken. The U.N. has turned down Mr. Vyshinsky's proposal that the Security Council should intervene to "assist" the discussions. This suggestion, of course, formed part of the Russians' unavailing counter-move to the resolution (duly passed) that "collective measures" should be within the province of the Assembly. So far as Korea goes, the Americans, who do not wish to give the Russians an additional platform for "political" proposals.

Civil Servants' Pay

It was good sense to deal with the applications for higher Civil Service salaries this time all in one, instead of allowing each group to go through the cumbrous procedure of arguing its case separately before the Civil Service Arbitration Tribunal. The all-round increase of 10 per cent. up to £500 a year, 5 per cent. on the part of a salary between £500 and £1,000, and 2½ per cent. on anything over £1,000, seems in the circumstances about right. The basic 10 per cent. is a rough average of the increases granted to employees outside the Civil Service during the past year—that is, since Civil Service salaries were last revised. The Civil Servants (including the Post Office workers) have done rather better than the railwaymen, whose recent basic increase was only 8 per cent. On the other hand, they have done less well than the miners; and they have, of course, many fewer opportunities than most workers of adding to their incomes by overtime or other payments outside the rate of pay. One consequence is that the teachers, who stand nearest to the Civil Servants, are expressing much discontent at the refusal of their claims for a further adjustment. Civil Servants getting more than £1,500 have put in a separate claim, in which no decision has yet been announced.

Pleven Falls

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The Government was defeated on Monday by 341 to 243 votes, all the Communists, Gaullists and Socialists, as well as a number of Radicals, M.R.P.s and others, voting against M. Pleven's bid to effect economy cuts and introduce other financial and administrative measures by decree. Resistance to legislation by decree is a fairly common thing in French parliamentary history; and in this case the Socialists and the Left-wing of the M.R.P. especially feared that, if given these special powers, the Pleven Government would use them for making inroads into a whole range of social services.

But this is only one explanation—the superficial one—why the Government fell. There are many deeper, though less obvious reasons. It is reported from Washington that the American press is relieved that Pleven did not fall over foreign policy. But this rejoicing is perhaps premature. The feeling in France is that the Pleven Government was profoundly representative of the 1950-51 phase, but that it had now somehow become an anachronism. The phase in which France was expected to assume that she was the Continental leader of the Atlantic Pact and European Army, that large-scale French and German rearmament, in view of an imminent Russian invasion of Western Europe, was essential, has, it is widely felt, somehow passed; there is a tendency to seek other solutions. This tendency, though not yet very vociferous, nevertheless exists. As *Le Monde* put it on Tuesday:

> "It is not certain that this is an ordinary crisis which will simply end in a mere reshuffle of portfolios. Not only are the Gaullists proposing a new foreign policy, *but amongst all the other non-Communist political groups in Parliament one notices a development favourable to a revision of our international commitments in accordance with our material possibilities.*

Le Monde goes on to say that the Gaullists and (for lack of a better word) "Bevanites" are at one in criticising the Pleven Government's excessive subservience to Washington; and they both fear that Germany may be rearmed without sufficient safeguards for France. Nor do they believe much in a Soviet invasion. But here the similarity between them ends. For if the "Bevanites" would like to veto the rearmament of Germany, chop down France's own military expenditure and start negotiating for a settlement in Indo-China, the Gaullists stand for a militarist policy in Europe and a kind of MacArthurism in Indo-China. Even so, the two between them already exercise enough influence to prevent an exact repetition of the Pleven Government.

For this and other reasons the crisis will take long to solve. Pleven's own supporters are themselves very divided: the greater part of the M.R.P. want the Socialists in the next Government (which would necessitate the adoption of a financial policy somewhat different from M. René Meyer's) and the rest favour, if only as an "experiment," the inclusion of some, if not all, the Gaullists in the Government majority. In short, with new ideas gaining ground, and whatever the final outcome of the crisis, the Pleven-Schuman era, as we have known it in these last two years, is either over or is nearing its end.

The Nigerian Elections

A Correspondent writes: The Nigerian elections have been less spectacular than those in the Gold Coast which swept Bwame Nkrumah into power. White men in distant countries like South Africa have apparently shuddered less at the dreadful sight of Nigerians going to the polls than they did when Gold Coasters voted. They have, it is true, some reason for consolation in that the new constitution for Nigeria (the second since the end of the war) equips the Imperial Government with stronger controls, and more widely framed reservations of power, than the new constitution in the Gold Coast.

But the consolation must be slight. Although the task of shaping parliamentary procedures to Nigeria is evidently going to be no easier than anywhere else, it is already clear that a relatively rapid advance towards self-government has been justified in the event. The Nigerian elections were carried through in an atmosphere of intense popular interest, were conducted in an orderly and reasonably proper manner, and produced some refreshingly unexpected results. The measure of this achievement can be grasped to some extent by the fact that the population of Nigeria is more than double the population of the Union of South Africa or of the Belgian Congo.

The new constitution had confirmed earlier trends towards dividing the country into large provincial units (which follow, to some extent, very real lines of division within the population itself). It provided for the election of provincial legislature in the Northern, Eastern, and Western Provinces (the latter including the old colony of Lagos); and for the election from these provincial parliaments of a federal parliament. The three provincial legislatures met this week for the first time, and are now deeply immersed in bargaining for majorities between the various parties, and for the selection of delegates to the federal parliament which is to meet on February 19th.

Among several electoral surprises has been the virtual eclipse of Dr. Azikiwe and his National Convention for Nigeria and the Cameroons. Though very much a one-man show, "Zik" was thought to have great prestige: he had a big organisation and a newspaper chain of his own. In spite of that, he and his party took a bad beating on their home ground in the Eastern Province, and failed to do much better in the Western Province. The strongest party is likely to be Obafemi Awolowo's Action Group, a league of conservatives whose language tends to be radical; they command a majority in the Western Province, and seem confident of being able to make common cause with the large group of "independents" who benefited from "Zik's" beating in the Eastern Province. In the Northern Province, geographically the largest of all, the National Peoples Congress—which generally represents the conservative and landowning interests of the emirate aristocracy—has done expectedly well, but even here the younger radicals are not entirely excluded from the picture. The federal parliament will be well worth watching.

As a step on the road towards a new civilisation in West Africa—a civilisation attuned to the contemporary world—the Nigerian elections are of high importance. They reflect credit on a great many people, African and British alike. The Nigerians, no doubt, will not be satisfied with the strict limitation of their own responsibility under which they still labour. Yet the concessions made to them under this constitution are likely to prove both real and valuable.

Victory on the Clyde

A Glasgow Correspondent writes: There were mutterings of thunder over the Clyde last Monday morning as British Railways introduced their severe cuts in steamer services, but in the afternoon a burst of sunshine spread its radiance over the whole Firth. British Railways, in an unexpected announcement, made substantial concessions to public opinion. One of the closed piers will now get steamer calls in the morning and evening; two others will be closed for only a month, when their position will be reconsidered; and the question of a third—Hunter's Quay—remaining open is to be discussed at once. There are other concessions, especially that of Rothesay, and of Largs, whose pier was closed on Monday for the first time in 118 years. As for the vessels themselves, there is much satisfaction that the small and inadequate motor boats, brought in for the winter passage between Kilcreggan, Gourock and Craigendoran, are to be replaced by a steamer. British Railways are now rejoicing in a flood of good will which, in intensity, is almost as great as the fury of criticism heaped on them in recent weeks. There is confidence that the summer sailings, to be discussed next week by all the interested parties, will be satisfactorily arranged. Much work has been done in the background to bring about this welcome appreciation of Clyde (and Scottish) interests; and Mr. Tom Johnston especially is to be commended for his wise and persuasive part in the negotiations. But above all the result is a striking example of what public opinion can do, even with a nationalised body, when it is aroused, as the Scots were.

Cold War Becomes Costly

"PEACE Becomes Expensive": such was the aphorism which *The Times*, with a candour remarkable in a journal not usually associated with Bevanite ideas, adopted in its Annual Review as an epitaph for 1951. Its aptitude has been confirmed in the past week. The disclosure on Tuesday of an ominously large deficit in the sterling area's balance of payments, resulting in a further loss of nearly one milliard of gold and dollars in the fourth quarter of the past year, has been preceded by an official announcement that a prospective shortage of about 1½ million tons in this year's steel supplies would necessitate a reversion to something like the wartime system of allocations and the drastic rationing of users not engaged primarily in the manufacture of armaments or goods for export.

The bare announcement evoked loud protests from all the metal-using industries; and fears were voiced that quotas on anything like the suggested scale would result in the unemployment already visible in the furniture, clothing, and textile trades—a paradoxical sidelight on what we are told is an inflationary situation—spreading to many of the light engineering industries of the Midlands. It may be that, when all the concessions have been made to pressure groups, the curtailment of steel supplies for civilian usage will, in fact, be comparatively insignificant. On the other hand, Mr. Butler, announcing his determination to fortify the position of sterling, has spoken sternly of "further remedial measures."

What form are such measures likely to take? The Chancellor is being constantly advised by his more reactionary supporters to take in both hands the courage of his disinflationary convictions. That is, he is urged to make further slashes in imports, to compel industry increasingly to funnel its production into exports, to bring about (by curtailment of credits and rationing of raw materials) a switch of labour from less essential industries, and to curb what is glibly described as "our extravagant expenditure" by a draconian Budget which would combine biting taxation with abolition of the food subsidies. These would be politically heroic steps; and, given the basic assumptions of Tory policy—that Defence must be an absolute priority, and that its burden must be placed on working-class shoulders in order that money and fixed interest investments may not depreciate in value—the exhortations to which the Chancellor is treated are doubtless logical. But, apart from the facts that there are limits beyond which the Government may not care to incur unpopularity, and that a programme aimed at outdoing Crippsian austerities would involve the re-imposition of many physical controls hateful to all true-blue believers in free enterprise, there are a number of serious obstacles which would beset the path of the most lion-hearted Tory Chancellor.

In the first place, in so far as he imposes further cuts in imports and succeeds in diverting to the export market a greater proportion of national production, he intensifies, other things being equal, the tendency of British prices to rise: there is a smaller quantity of commodities available in the home market to stand the pressure of existing purchasing power. Secondly, employers are reluctant to see their rebuilt labour force dispersed under a raw materials and credit "squeeze," so that in many less essential industries they may prefer to create concealed unemployment by keeping men on short time. Housing shortages, too, are a serious brake on the mobility of labour: in peacetime, married workers with families will take much persuading before they agree to be drafted to shadow factory hostels. Furthermore, whatever Mr. Butler might achieve by taxing away the purchasing power of his own political supporters in the middle class, the organised working class is rightly determined to contract out of deflation: the present upward movement in the cost of living is bound soon to result in a fresh round of wage demands by the big trade unions, and any substantial tampering with the food subsidies would merely accelerate this process.

This is not to say that the "remedial measures" of which the Chancellor has spoken are an empty threat. By fiscal and other means he can, no doubt, do something to promote the production of guns at the expense of butter; and he certainly cannot afford to ignore the fall in the gold and dollar reserve. Even at the slightly reduced rate of loss in November and December, the downward trend would bring us, by June, back to the figure which compelled Sir Stafford Cripps to devalue the pound. How Mr. Butler is going to persuade the other members of the sterling area to restrict their demands for dollars—and this is perhaps the biggest factor in the ominous current deficit—is no easy problem, since Britain, increasingly absorbed in rearmament, will be in no position to meet their natural demands for physical goods which the U.S. can supply. Nor will the Chancellor find it much less difficult to "slim" the activities of "less essential" trades without impairing the export drive: there are few industries whose output is not, in part, designed for sale abroad. Yet something he must do.

His choice lies between half-measures which will doubtless suffice to save sterling from collapse but will not avert a continued fall in the purchasing power of money, and a whole-hogging deflation which would amount to throwing overboard the buoyant economy which this country has enjoyed since the war. High production and prosperity are really indivisible: save under the compulsions of war, the country cannot readily be compartmented into active and inert sectors. If he is true to the logic of the situation from a reactionary Tory standpoint, the Chancellor will have to bring about a general depression comparable to that of the Thirties.

Can he carry the people of this country, or even his own supporters, with him on such a lugubrious enterprise? He would be in a better position to do so if most people did not feel that the conditions of full employment and slowly rising prices up to the Korean war were on the whole reasonably satisfactory, pretty well under control and utterly remote from the galloping inflations which destroyed many national currencies in the aftermath of World War I. He might even have a chance if he could convince the country that the scale of rearmament to which we are committed is economically tolerable and not out of proportion to rational requirements of defence. As it is, he must admit that the pains and penalties for which he is about to ask derive from our enrolment in a Crusade directed by others, and to which the majority of the British people are attached without conviction or enthusiasm. They have an uneasy feeling that, as M. Daladier observed last week, "Crusades have a habit of ending badly." It is not so much that "peace has become expensive," as that the cold war is becoming much too costly.

Conversation With Dr. Mossadeq

DR. MOSSADEQ received me in bed—a plain iron bed in which he bounced rather than lay. His room is bleakly furnished, but it was kept hot by a stove on a freezing winter day. The Premier wore pyjamas with a grey flannel bed-jacket of the kind you would expect to be issued to hospital patients in a public ward. I saw no signs of the over-excitement or hysteria that some journalists have written about; he did not weep, though he laughed shrilly, stretching out his hand in a claw-like gesture that made him look at times like a benevolent pterodactyl. Here was a man of much force and capacity, who had defeated many opponents and diplomats and carried through a remarkable achievement in his middle seventies. He argued with more vigour in bed than most men of half his age do when they are up and dressed. He looked remarkably well and I hazard the guess that he invented the technique of bed interviewing because it enables him to conserve his strength, to refuse guests he does not want to see and to avoid the endless waste of time involved in chance conversations in the corridors of the Majlis. He talked in Persian, I in English. I agreed not to publish any of the conversation without his permission, and the translated summary of his remarks that I give here is his own revised and authorised version.

Dr. Mossadeq began by giving me some account of the oil story as he saw it. He said that the reasons for nationalising the oil were both political and economic. He believed that it was not enough to get rid of a Company which had exploited his country, but that it was right to make sure that no other body or foreign Power would be in a position to exercise the influence in Iran that the Anglo-Iranian Company had possessed. On the economic side Persia was faced with a huge deficit on her budget, mostly due to the number of salaries and army costs she had to maintain. Anglo-Iranian's contribution to Iranian economy had been ridiculously small. Breakdown in the negotiations had occurred over Iran's demand for receipts for tankers of oil as a temporary necessity during the dispute and the refusal of the Company to allow its servants to stay on as experts under individual contract with the Teheran Government.

The Prime Minister explained that he had gone to Washington at the invitation of the President of the United States. He had hoped that an agreed solution would be found, but had come to the conclusion that Britain did not like American intervention; settlement had been rendered more difficult after the British elections because they brought to power Conservatives who objected to the whole principle of nationalisation. He said that Britain, on behalf of the former Anglo-Iranian Co., should state its views on the Company's rightful claims so that he could negotiate on this basis. He had suggested that Britain should continue to buy her oil requirements at current world market prices and that the Company should be equitably compensated from these oil receipts; that the claims of both sides should be stated and compensation worked out either directly, or, if necessary, by arbitration, on the basis of the value of A.I. Co. stock before the dispute or on any pattern that Britain had thought equitable in other cases of nationalisation or simply by friendly negotiation. The British refused.

World Bank

Dr. Mossadeq then dealt with proposals of the International Bank for the solution of this problem. In the first place, "oil should continue to flow even if a decision on the dispute had to be postponed. The Bank should take over the job at Abadan, putting capital in the operation." Secondly, he had agreed with the Bank's suggestion that a percentage of the oil revenue should be deposited in a bank to meet the probable losses of the former Company. Thirdly, came the question of employment of British experts whom the Prime Minister refused to accept. He had been congratulated by many countries because Iran had gained her independence with the departure of the British. If British experts were to come back, this success would not be real. He denounced "the wrong policy of the British Government and the Company," which had done things, he said, he would be ashamed to mention. He several times repeated, however, that he had no quarrel with the British people; he had always desired friendly relations with them.

The fourth point in the International Bank proposals which had been discussed in U.S. was the question of price. The International Bank could not fix any price. If the British were to receive oil in lieu of an agreed figure of compensation, then Iran could not allow a price below the current world market rate. But in the case of other customers who pay cash, Iran might agree to a reduction.

I found no difficulty in grasping this point. Iran desperately needs two things: foreign currency and a market for the oil she is now producing. The Government is so short of cash that in the very week of our conversation Dr. Mossadeq had had to save money by recalling a number of diplomats, and it is notorious that it finds increasing difficulty in paying unemployed work-people in Abadan, and, even more serious, in buying from abroad the maintenance and replacement equipment necessary for a country whose one source of power is oil. It was therefore no surprise to me that the Prime Minister was willing to sell oil at cut prices to countries which would call for it and pay spot cash, but that he was unlikely to reduce prices to the British who might be receiving oil in lieu of agreed compensation.

I told him, as I did many other Persians, that they might easily exaggerate Britain's need for Iranian oil. It had proved possible for Britain to increase her supplies from Iraq and Kuweit, and it was quite misleading for Persians to say, as I often heard them, that Britain needed Iran just as Iran needed Britain. To Great Britain the events at Abadan had meant no more than an annoying but not vital economic blow; indeed, I said, most English people seemed to have made up their minds to cutting our losses in Persia. Why then, asked the Premier, with heat, did Britain not leave Iran alone? Why did we annoy her by pressing the legal case at the Hague? I replied that almost everyone fights to get what they are accustomed to regard as their rights, even if they can do without them. I might take a very poor view myself of much of the conduct of Anglo-Iranian, but I understood why no person or country cared to give up a lucrative asset without a struggle. At this implied admission of a measure of British responsibility, Dr. Mossadeq sat up and crowed with delight.

I said that my interest was less in the past controversy than in what the Iranian Government intended to do if they lost the revenue from oil, however inadequate they—and I—thought the revenue actually paid by Anglo-Iranian had been. Dr. Mossadeq declared that the sums were not only not adequate, but actually, when analysed, were found to have been of no benefit whatever to Iran. For the sums paid in the last 38 years did not exceed £110 million, of which one-third was spent on munitions, etc.; these were not used by the Iranians, but by the Allies. The other two-thirds likewise was not used to the advantage of Iran. He went on to refer to the power the Company exercised. The Iranian Government, he said, has in its possession letters dating about the year 1933 showing that the Company had used its influence to ensure that the Majlis was composed of members whom it approved. In short, Dr. Mossadeq stated that to-day's difficulties, including even those of making the budget balance, were due to the machinations of the Company's supporters.

Future Policy

I made many attempts to divert the Premier from past recriminations to a forecast of future policy. Finally, he said that things should be arranged in such a way as to enable the Government of Iran to carry on even without the oil revenue if it were to be stopped.

I asked how this could be done? Was it by increasing taxation, since Iran was one of the few places in which the rich seemed to pay little in taxation, though it was also one in which the poor were most poor and most lacking in social services? Dr. Mossadeq agreed that the rich ought to pay more, but added that until free elections are enforced and become a reality in the country and a Majlis entirely composed of true representatives of the people comes into being, no manner of basic reform is possible. I thought it would have been simpler to say that until the governmental machinery was overhauled from top to bottom the land-owning class, which has the wealth, would be able to evade paying taxes.

In conclusion Dr. Mossadeq suggested that Britain and America would be "unwise to be indifferent" to the solution of this problem as it affected the interests of Iran. He hoped that Britain would not "repeat her past errors." Dr. Mossadeq had always been desirous of having better relations with Britain. He had entered upon his present course because, above all, he wanted Iran to be free; the existence of a great outside force like that which the Company had exercised in the country made this impossible.

My deduction from this talk was that Dr. Mossadeq himself now favoured some oil agreement, if it could be obtained without any loss of face or popularity. Whereas six months ago he wanted the prestige of having refused any agreement, he was now alarmed by the emptiness of the Treasury and the difficulty of marketing oil and the chaos that will follow if none is sold. This view was confirmed from a number of sources. Though no agreement with the British alone was conceivable, there were persistent rumours of a coming settlement through the International Bank, even though, it was said, none of the details were decided and nothing was likely to be published until after the elections.

I do not know if there was at any time any basis for this optimism, but I fear it must be discounted. I cannot learn that Dr. Mossadeq has accepted the Bank's terms, and in view of the violence of the current xenophobia, in particular, of anti-British feeling, a reasonable settlement would be surprising. Moreover, it is highly questionable whether the last word really lies with Mossadeq; he has to keep on good terms with his dangerous ally Kashani, who is still the most powerful personality in Iran.

Kashani

I had a long talk with Kashani. He is an elderly Mullah, whose power is based not only on his astute brain and his reputation for learning, but also on his prestige with a gang of assassins. I talked with him under the naive impression that I was interviewing him. It was only when I saw three columns of his own version of our talk in the press next morning that I realised that he had been concerned in making political capital out of me. Since Islam knows no ecclesiastical hierarchy, I had not expected to hear him called "*His Eminence*." I had not expected to see a crowd of adorers and reverent place-seekers in the courtyard and ante-room awaiting a chance to receive his blessing. Secretaries passed in and out during our talk, offering slips of paper for his signature or comment. I did not argue with him about "imperialism" and the policy of the Anglo-Iranian Company; I tried hard to get an answer to two questions.

My first was what the Government would do for cash if no oil agreement was reached; and my second whether he was willing, as a bitter opponent of the West, to accept any kind of American aid or any settlement of the oil dispute. His answers to the first question were even vaguer than those of Dr. Mossadeq, whose policy to-day Kashani at least nominally sup-

ports. He regretted, he said, that oil had ever been found in Persia. I asked whether this meant that he desired a medieval Muslim State isolated from the corrupt outside world? He would not go so far as that, but contented himself with repeating that Iran must be completely independent and free from all foreign interference. I pointed out that both Point Four and an International Bank settlement automatically involved an admission of Iran's adherence rather to the West than to the Eastern bloc. (In fact, as he no doubt knew, controversy was at that moment proceeding about the strings on Point Four, and I believe it will be found that Iran has refused further American military aid, even if she qualifies for some economic assistance.) He merely repeated that under no circumstances would the people of Iran agree to any kind of political strings. He remained obstinately unprecise, preferring to end our conversation with some generalities, with which I was happy to agree, about the undesirability of a third world war and the sinfulness of capitalist imperialism.

I came away doubtful whether Kashani would, in fact, permit any form of settlement with the West. That the "pro-Western" Premier, Rasmara, was murdered by friends and followers of Kashani is not, I believe, questioned. One of his recent utterances has been read as a warning to Mossadeq that a similar fate might befall him if he were to agree to an oil settlement which would weaken Iran's newly won independence. In conversation Kashani was astute and friendly, even if evasive, but I learnt from many sources after our talk that he had never forgiven the British for one, at least, of his past periods in gaol; that his hatred of the West is genuine, his ruthlessness complete and his influence immense with the national fanatics of Iran.

KINGSLEY MARTIN.

London Diary

THE Government's announcement of further screening of the staff employed on "exceptionally secret work" causes me some misgivings. The right of the State to protect itself against its own overthrow is well established. But freedom of thought, association and speech, which are fundamental to democracy, cannot be maintained if the opportunity of gaining a livelihood is to be endangered by a man's political beliefs. How, then, to resolve the dilemma when these two principles clash? The Labour Government tackled the problem by formulating rules which, while distasteful, still offered reasonable protection to the individual. At the same time, a strict check was kept on the methods which the security authorities might use to obtain evidence. The new statement, I am glad to see, reaffirms the existing published procedure, thus safeguarding the right of appeal and preserving the personal responsibility of individual Ministers. But I am wondering whether it implies approval of security methods which, if generally known, would be repugnant to democratic opinion. Its timing suggests the purpose of assisting the Prime Minister in his discussion of the atomic programme with President Truman. But the U.S. authorities are fully acquainted with the existing practice and, if it is to achieve this end, the announcement must indicate something new. It is rumoured that the security chiefs have been pressing the Government for authority to carry out secret and unorthodox inquiries into the private affairs of scientists and others with access to State secrets. Now the Government "have decided that special inquiries should be made about those holding or applying for such posts." What sort of inquiries? If the same as before, what is the purpose? If not, do the inquiries include telephone tapping, interception of mail, burglary and the use of *agents provocateurs*? The dividing line between the defence of democracy and its corruption lies some way this side of the rubber truncheon; and the Commons should insist on assurances that those who bear the heavy burden of top-secret work will be protected from these unsavoury methods.

* * * *

The Franklyn Committee on punishments in approved schools and remand homes has been judged in some quarters on its statement that, while corporal punishment in approved schools is necessary for discipline, the cane used on the senior boys ought to be thinner so as to hurt more. An unfortunate *gaffe*, but the fact that children are managed without being beaten in other countries has not yet acquired any meaning here, and it is still possible for people who have not read the findings of the 1938 Committee on Corporal Punishment, like the Rev. W. H. Elsey, of Wembley (who used to be a newspaper reporter), to say: "In all the years I reported police courts I never remember anyone coming back for a second dose of the birch." Of course, no one expected this Committee to urge the abolition of caning. Many of its recommendations, on the other hand, are sensible and progressive. I agree with the Committee, on balance, that sub-normal children should go to special schools, though the Home Office arguments to the contrary have always been formidable. Most people will welcome the recommendation that parents' visits to remand homes should never be cancelled as a punishment, but another punishment used in some remand homes that might equally well be abolished is the denial of supper to a whole crowd of boys because one of them has misbehaved. The Committee's statement that absconding should be treated as "a serious offence calling for serious punishment" reminded me of what Sir Harold Scott told the Magistrates' Association recently: "These unhappy events are not peculiar to to-day. I can well remember similar happenings 40 years ago when as a junior at the Home Office I was first concerned with these schools. In those days discipline was of the old kind, yet there were escapes and incidents just as disturbing as those of to-day."

* * *

I have little doubt of the authenticity of the "lead" story in last Saturday's *Daily Telegraph* reporting that the Government have decided against a Supreme Commander in Malaya. This decision must be regarded as a sharp reverse for the Colonial Secretary. During his rather unfortunate visit to Malaya, Mr. Lyttelton allowed it to be widely understood that he regarded the solution to the problem as a military one. Although he took quick steps to plead a "misunderstanding" of his blunder in stating that further steps towards political independence must await the end of the war, every subsequent utterance confirmed that this idea was in his mind. His public treatment of the Commissioner General, Mr. MacDonald, who strongly emphasises the necessity of political incentives for both the Malay and Chinese populations, seems to have been cool to the point of discourtesy. The story of the Supreme Commander was allowed to gain wide currency immediately on his return. But Mr. Lyttelton's two predecessors in office have left behind them a memorial too solid to be demolished as casually as this. The Malayan press and all the political leaders on the spot were sharp and immediate in their criticism. I suspect also that many of the responsible Colonial Office officials have learned too much to place great confidence in Mr. Lyttelton's naive acceptance of the planters' advice. The Cabinet has done well if it has heeded the criticism. Malaya presents problems of immense difficulty. They are, however, at root political problems and will not be solved by 19th-century strong-arm methods.

* * *

I am interested in the motives which have led Denis Healey, the extremely able international secretary of the Labour Party, to give up his desk at Transport House for the safe Parliamentary seat of South-East Leeds. He is giving up a post of particular influence, and one in which he has done a great deal of valuable work in the last six years. Since 1945, the Labour Party has been too ready to dress the shop window at Westminster by depleting the stocks in the back room. Some of the leading theoreticians and propagandists of the Party have abandoned or interrupted outside work of great value in favour of the highly disciplined and often frustrating life of the Commons' backbencher. I hope that Healey will find opportunities in Parliament for continuing in full measure the work in which he has specialised; for the Party cannot afford to waste either his intellect or his integrity. The fact probably is that a high official post in a Party H.Q. has its own peculiar restrictions and obligations which, after a while, become intolerable to a man of independent mind; and I strongly suspect that Healey, consciously or not, is pursuing freedom from Smith Square to the Palace of Westminster. I hope he will not find that he has exchanged the shadow for the shadow.

* * *

The January issue of the *Political Quarterly*, entirely devoted to the Soviet Union, emphasises the great difficulty of accurate, factual reporting across the Iron Curtain. In covering the rest of the world, the reporter can check deduction against the fact. In the case of the Soviet Union he usually cannot. Any serious student of ancient history will recall how one can construct from fragmentary evidence a chain of deduction whose validity can be checked only against its own logical coherence. There are, however, dangers in this method. The late Alan Blakeway, the wittiest don of my generation at Oxford, once annihilated an earnest but unimaginative archæologist, who had based a theory of migra-

tion on the finding, widely scattered, of fragments of unusual pottery, with the words, "You might as well attribute all the ostrich eggs in mid-Victorian collections of bric-à-brac to the work of a travelling ostrich." I am always conscious of this danger in looking at learned reconstructions, at second hand, of life in the Soviet Union. But the Editors of the *Political Quarterly* are equally conscious of it; and the handling of evidence in the six main articles of this issue is scholarly, critical and objective. It is an interesting commentary on American thoroughly in scholarship that the two most authoritative and interesting articles both emanate from Columbia University.

* * *

Collier's Magazine seems to have taken to heart some of the censure recently directed at it over its November issue purporting to report the outcome of the Third World War. I base this judgment on its recent advertisement in the Paris edition of the *New York Herald Tribune*, and I quote the text in full:

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE FALSIE AND THE BUSTLE AND THE HOOP SKIRT

Learn . . . how passion influences fashion! When did men wear falsies? Women wear bustles in front? What started the boom in lacy black nighties? For delightfully frank comments on petticoats and prudery, slips and sex, read the lively, hilariously illustrated history of underclothes in this week's *Collier's*. And in the same issue meet the American airmen who will carry the A-bomb!

I am a little alarmed about the indicative mood of the last verb, but on the whole reassured that, although the A-bomb will be carried, it will not apparently create sufficient effect to rate the main story in *Collier's*. Peace, it may be assumed, is still piping while the hoop-skirt takes precedence over the parachute. Or is it all a cryptographic way of warning us that America's secret weapon in defence of the standard of values of *Collier's* advertisers is still commercial sex? If so, it poses an insidious dilemma. Which way shall we disintegrate? With a bang or a whisper? If given the choice of surrendering to the atomic bosom and avoiding the bomb, I think I'll take it. But I still don't buy *Collier's*. FLAVUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD

After a school lesson demonstrating the value of money, a nine-years-old girl stole £1 12s of the cash used in the demonstration.—*Gloucestershire Echo.* (Cicely Dalton.)

The Conservatives ought to set countrymen free to build without asking leave of anybody, their own warm, dry, cheap and durable houses of rammed earth dug from the site and timber cut by themselves. New methods and gear make earth-ramming easier than ever.—Letter in the *Observer.* (A. J. Pigden.)

Of 3,354 births at Salford last year, 231 were to unmarried mothers.

"My officials believe, and I agree, that one of the reasons for this increase is late-night snack and milk-bar facilities," said Dr. Burns.—*Crosby Herald.* (Harry Ward.)

My sister, anxious that everybody and everything should enjoy the holiday, put cheese in the mouse-traps without setting them.—Letter in *Sunday Express.* (Jean B. Wood.)

ONE FOR THE ROAD

The accident rate rises sharply . . after 10 p.m. when the public houses begin to close.—*News item, Jan.* 4.

The rolling English drunkard
Made the rolling English road
Before the Transport Ministry
Produced the Highway Code.
But while the rules they may enforce
To save road-users' lives,
The drunkard in his zigzag course
On roads of England drives,
Still on the rolling English road
The rolling drunkard drives.

The highway toll of England
Is every year more grim,
And town and country traffic
A threat to life and limb.
We see the casualty lists,
The sacrifice to speed,
And England's drunken motorists
The casual carnage lead.
The menace on the English road
The rolling drunkards lead.

The magistrates of England
Dispensing Highway Law,
The drunken drivers' licences
May for a term withdraw,
A sentence plus a fine impose;
But none for life debars
From driving on the English roads
The drunks in charge of cars—
They keep upon the rolling roads
The rolling drunkards' cars.

Pedestrians of England
In rules of safety drilled,
By drunken drivers every day
Are crippled, stunned, and killed.
The English drunkard never brakes
Or heeds pedestrians' rights,
But puts on speed and overtakes
And jumps the traffic lights—
The rolling drunkard on the roads
Still jumps the traffic lights.

Death sweeps the roads of England,
The drunkard at the wheel,
And though the road authorities
Exhort to greater zeal,
And though they give a safety guide
In England's Highway code,
Still rolling English drunkards ride
The rolling English road.

SAGITTARIUS

What Hope from Germany?

I.—PARTIES AND REALPOLITIK

I HAD come to Bonn with the idea of trying to discover what reliance could be placed by Britain and France on the ability or willingness of the Left in Germany—and particularly of the Social-Democratic Party—to counteract the dangers manifestly inherent in the various Plans, economic and military, for the "integration" of the West. On my arrival, during the week before Christmas, I found Dr. Schumacher, Erich Ollenhauer and other S.P.D. leaders preening themselves at their tactical victory in thwarting the Government's effort to push the Schuman Plan through Parliament in a special two-day session just before the recess. Their immediate case had been that there must be no "indecent haste" in ratification. They had little hope of preventing Dr. Adenauer from rallying hesitant camp-followers in the Centre, and thus securing a majority for the Plan when Parliament reassembled in January; but adjournment of the debate would at least give them more time to make political capital out of opposition to a scheme which—surprising though this argument may seem in France—they have been loudly denouncing on the ground that it gives the Ruhr a "handicapped start," and is calculated to tip the scales of industrial power against Germany and in favour of her competitors.

Is the Social-Democratic party line on the great issues of the moment—the coal-steel pool, the "European army" and the unity of Germany—dictated, as some cynics in Germany believe, simply by a desire to out-manœuvre the Chancellor, even at the cost of exploiting the crudest nationalist feelings? No one who has met them would doubt the sincerity with which Kurt Schumacher and his colleagues appear to hold their convictions. On the issue of unity, they have been (unlike Adenauer) sufficiently statesmanlike not to turn down the Grotewohl offer out of hand: Schumacher's point at present is that all-German elections must be preceded by preliminary elections in Berlin as a test of "goodwill." The Party leaders all profess their desire to find some way out of the present deadlock, though they are adamant against becoming involved in "talks" about unity: these, they feel, would merely be used by the East Germans for Communist propaganda. They are equally insistent that, even if the Big Powers reached an agreement, the Social-Democratic Party could never assent to "unity" which gave the East any opportunity ideologically to infiltrate the West.

Anti-Communism, reflected in implacable opposition to all that the Soviet Union stands for, has taken the German Social-Democrats far. It has led them to advocate, just as vehemently as Dr. Adenauer, the need for Western "military integration"; indeed they outdo the Chancellor in demanding that any contribution made by Germany to Western Defence must carry with it the maximum "autonomy" in the control of the German armed forces. Moreover, not only do they endorse Adenauer's refusal to recognise the Oder-Neisse line, they are adamant in their refusal to accord recognition to the present status of the Saar. True, they agree, when pressed, that the final settlement of frontiers is an issue for the future, and that their present attitude should be regarded strictly as "a matter of principle"; but when I raised the question of the famous phrase about conducting an "offensive defensive beyond the Vistula," I was told, on the highest authority, that the words meant precisely what they implied. "We Germans are not prepared merely to cover another Allied Dunkirk": if Germany were to be rearmed and defended at all, it must be done properly. When I suggested that the strategic conception of an "offensive defensive" might only too easily become one of a "preventive attack," I was assured that the S.P.D. would never stand for such a policy. My misgivings, however, were not wholly dispelled.

Such misgivings are certainly shared by many in the rank and file of the Party; and the visible rift between them and their leaders is no less wide on the issue of German unity. Whatever the leadership may say, many party members are deeply apprehensive that if "Western integration" and the rearmament of Germany are given priority, and made an accomplished fact before any serious attempt is made to reach agreement with Eastern Germany, the frontier between East and West may harden irretrievably and all chance of unity be lost.

Much the same rift, too, is discernible in the trade union movement. Whereas the *Deutsche Gewerkschaftsbund*, reconstituted two years ago, and comparable roughly to the T.U.C., endorses broadly the Schumacher line, one can find in the official journals of component unions significant deviations from "top-level" policy. For example, a recent issue of the leatherworkers' bulletin, *Das*

Leder-Echo, contained an uncompromising resolution against remilitarisation; members of the union were virtually exhorted to avail themselves of their constitutional right to become conscientious objectors against any form of conscription. This resolution was typical of rank-and-file sentiment in many unions; and very similar opinions, just as strongly expressed, can be heard from individuals in the S.P.D., some prominent, and even from local Party groups.

The trouble is that the increasing numbers of those within the trade unions or the S.P.D. who would like to take a much more uncompromising line against remilitarisation and the acceptance, inherent in such a step, of the almost irrevocable partition of Germany, have no effective political organisation on the Left to which they can go. Unless they take refuge in the outstretched arms of the numerically weak Communist party—and this, for sincere German Socialists, would be a leap from the frying-pan into a still less comfortable fire—such dissenters have little choice on the Left, outside the S.P.D., except a number of mutually vituperative splinter groups.

One, and perhaps the only value, at the moment, of such groups is that their journals, fractional though their circulation is, at least provide a forum in which one can find, every week, open letters to the party leadership signed by scores of loyal Social-Democrats, who are worried about the official party policy, and who urge, as one recent letter did, that it is "better to fight for peace and unity rather than follow the fatal policy of seeking peace and preparing for war." But between such criticisms of official party policy and the organisation of an alternative political grouping there is a world of difference.

Is there, then, any hope to the Right of the Social-Democrats? One name that springs to mind at once is that of Gustav Heinemann, who was the first Minister of the Interior in Adenauer's Government and resigned when the question of remilitarisation became acute. Unfortunately, instead of seeking to organise a new Left-Centre group, which might have got many recruits from the Christo-Democrats, Heinemann remained a member of the C.D.U. But then Heinemann is not a "man of the Left." Belonging by conviction to the Confessional Church, he is a friend of Niemöller, though he is more of a political realist—i.e., not quite so careless whether or not he is branded as a "fellow traveller." The course he adopted, while remaining the local head of the C.D.U. at Essen, was to found an Emergency Committee for European Peace.

I went to see Heinemann at Essen. To say that one cannot possibly come to terms with Russia," he remarked to me, "means simply that one day the shooting is bound to begin. Once that starts, we Germans will inevitably be among the first dead. One needn't be afraid of death; but surely politics don't make sense if they merely mean that one must die soon." When I saw him, he was leaving for Bielefeld where, along with Frau Helene Wessel, a fellow-founder of his Committee, he spoke at a public meeting blessed by the venerable Herr Severing and chaired by a Social-Democrat. The meeting was a success and the Committee may gradually acquire real influence. Frau Wessel, whom I interviewed at Bonn, is now the head of the Centre Party, which is linked in Parliament with a Bavarian splinter group. She would vote against rearmament every time, she told me; her twenty-odd Party members, however, would follow their own consciences.

Can Germany (and all of us) be saved from *Realpolitik* by starry-eyed idealists of this type—all of them anti-militarist in at least the "*ohne mich*" sense? Perhaps. But not unless they can work within the only real repository of political power in Germany opposed in Parliament to the more reactionary Christo-Democrats and the extreme Right. That, whether we like it or not, is represented by the trade unions and the Social-Democratic Party. In their present leadership to-day, there is little enough starry idealism. "I want to make it quite clear," Ollenhauer said to me, "that '*ohne mich*' is not our slogan. It can't be: it wouldn't be *Realpolitik*." By this he meant, not that he was a believer in Bismarckian power politics, but that one must be "a man of the situation." Yet even "men of the situation" must ultimately be influenced by their rank-and-file supporters. It may be that the S.P.D.'s New Year Message, demanding social welfare before "military integration," was a real concession made to critics of the party line within the Party itself. An even more important factor is the attitude of the German men in the street, the vast majority of whom have no very firm party allegiance at all.

Bonn, December. HEINRICH FRÄENKEL

The Politics of Free Enterprise

III.—The Tory Fellow Travellers

As the election campaign developed, every Labour candidate realised that the opinion polls were correct in showing a steady drift away from the Tories. Indeed, had the campaign continued longer, Labour, and not the Tories, would have won. But the Labour Party had to make its whole election case in three weeks, and though all political parties are theoretically equal in this respect, in practice, some are more equal than others. The Tory campaign, for example, was hardly confined to three weeks. For some years past an impressive number of Tory "front" organisations, financed by industry, had been campaigning incessantly against the Labour Government, and well before the formal election campaign began they had no doubt succeeded in winning many voters to support the Tories.

Of all the Tory fellow-travelling organisations the one most self-congratulatory on October 26 was a firm of public relations and/or free enterprise purveyors called Aims of Industry. Operating from a modest building in Carteret Street—appropriately situated near the F.B.I. and Iron and Steel Federation—Aims is a skilfully run business propaganda agency with a central headquarters and twelve regional offices distributed over the country. According to an official handout, Aims seeks

> . . . to promote a greater appreciation of the contribution made by free enterprise, industry and commerce to our standard of living and so to engender public goodwill towards free and competitive enterprise.
>
> It also endeavours to encourage the best possible team spirit within industry itself.
>
> Aims of Industry has no connection with any political party but is critical of political action by any party likely to damage the efficiency and prosperity of industry

It is not surprising that the history of Aims begins roughly with the advent into office of the Labour Government, but until 1948 it was essentially pre-history and somewhat obscure. In the early part of that year there was talk in Labour circles of nationalising the sugar refining and cement industries, among others, during the next term in office. Unlike iron and steel, sugar and cement lacked a captive public relations organisation, and on behalf of the threatened industries Lord Lyle, of Tate and Lyle, and G. F. Earle, of the Portland Cement group, enlisted Aims to fight nationalisation.

Without question the effort to defeat sugar nationalisation is the most interesting and important of the campaigns Aims has so far managed. In the first place, the sugar issue attracted wide public attention, and brought Aims into the public eye. Secondly, it enabled Aims to try out and perfect techniques of opinion manipulation. Unlike cement or steel, sugar is a visible and personal item of consumption in which almost everyone has a direct interest. A Government which rations sugar is already susceptible to criticism from housewives, tea drinkers, bakers and confectioners, and such criticism can be extended to any further State intervention from which, it is alleged, consumers will similarly suffer. Moreover, most sugar is packaged and sold under a brand name which, through skilled promotion, can become almost a synonym for sugar itself and, so to speak, sound almost as sweet. Finally, the sugar package or container, coming into countless homes, shops, canteens and restaurants daily, can be used for "messages" of all sorts. Aims had merely to find ways of effectively exploiting these opportunities.

Aims began the sugar campaign with help from an unexpected source. Bustamente, the Jamaican labour leader, was approached by Aims, and he replied with a strong statement that nationalisation would ruin the sugar industry and the island; he affirmed his belief in the virtues of private enterprise. Bustamente's union, it is worth noting, is officially recognised by the Jamaican Sugar Manufacturers' Association, in which Tate and Lyle have a considerable interest, whereas the rival Trades Union Congress is not. Attention was also paid to the labour side on the home front. Richard Dimbleby, the B.B.C. commentator, was hired to make an extensive recording of interviews with contented Tate and Lyle employees, and several thousand of these records were widely circulated. In 1950, Tate and Lyle negotiated a profit-sharing agreement with the General and Municipal Workers Union. The Aims technique, in other words, was to ensure that labour in the sugar industry should not be thought to be pro-nationalisation.

A somewhat different approach was developed for the public at large. "The basic facts," said a Tate and Lyle official, "that we have been trying to get into the public's thick heads are that the planners have a policy but no plan." Mr. Cube, Aims' principal slogan-shouter, appeared on over 2,000,000 sugar packages per day, on more than 100,000 ration book holders, and, in life-size and animated form, at numerous fairs and exhibitions. The 4,500 schools already using Tate and Lyle-produced education material dealing with the sugar industry were also outlets for anti-nationalisation propaganda. Stories or news items concerned with sugar and sponsored by Aims filled up almost 15,000 column inches in 400 newspapers. No wonder that, in 1950, an opinion poll showed that only 25 per cent. approved of sugar nationalisation while 57 per cent. disapproved.

The sugar campaign effectively launched Aims into large-scale public relations on behalf of industry, and the techniques tested in that campaign have since been improved. On the sound principle that propaganda is cheaper and more successful as news than as advertising, Aims currently makes extensive use of the press. In the first six months of 1951, 497 newspapers devoted 36,835 column inches—£350,000 worth of space—to Aims material, or enough, says Aims proudly, to "fill a six-page *Daily Telegraph* for eight weeks and four days to the exclusion of all else." In early 1949, speakers on the Aims approved list gave forty-one talks on the Home and Light programmes of the B.B.C. Some two million people

have seen Aims films since 1949, and innumerable speakers and journalists, knowingly or unknowingly, have used some of the 85 extensive briefs that Aims has produced.

There can be little doubt of Aims organisational skill. A recent Aims pamphlet entitled *State Monopoly*, but with "State" in small letters, was similar in layout and design to Transport House's *Monopoly*, and appeared only 48 hours later. Aims monthly, the *Voice of Industry*, does not contain only articles by leading industrialists. Some issues have featured articles or reprints of articles by Miss Florence Hancock of the Transport and General Workers' Union, Bob Edwards of the Chemical Workers' Union, and the late J. R. Clynes. There are also a number of trade unionists on Aims panel of speakers. But it is difficult to establish the effectiveness of Aims public relations as a whole. Broadsheets may be distributed but not read. Talks may be given but not heard.

The Aims appeal, however, is basically aimed at a relatively small but politically important group whose social loyalty is not yet determined. An analysis of Aims propaganda suggests that the target comprises the clerks, shop assistants, junior managers and technicians, the black-coated people generally, all those who collectively constitute the lower middle class or, in political terms, the "floating" vote. The upper middle class, of course, already believes in free enterprise, and the working class will tend to vote Labour, in any case. It is to the in-between people, who enjoy neither the security of wealth nor the status of trade unionists, whose insecurities and frustrations as a class can be focused and projected, it is to these people that Aims is attempting to give a conscious ideology. Hence the Aims stereotyped average citizen. He is tax-ridden, meat hungry, and under-heated. For him the nationalised trains never run on time and the houses are not built. In his waking nightmares the State is Leviathan and the T.U.C. Behemoth. Asleep his dreams are of ample warmth and comfort, and having read Aims literature he somehow associates it all with free enterprise.

Aims of Industry, it should be noted, is only partly responsible for his nightmares. Perhaps one million pounds annually is spent on behalf of free enterprise by a variety of organisations—the Institute of Directors, Economic League, Stock Exchange, Industrial Life Offices Association, and the Wholesale Textile Association are only a few of the big spenders. Nor does this figure take into account prestige and institutional advertising by individual business firms.

Pitifully little has so far been done on the Labour side to counterbalance this tremendous weight of propaganda. In 1949 the Labour Party spent only £50,000 on publications and posters. In 1950-51 the T.U.C. total bill for printing, publishing and stationery amounted to a little over £13,000. The Government itself spends only £500,000 annually on public relations in the United Kingdom, or slightly more than twice as much as Tate and Lyle alone spent on advertising in 1949-50.

Expenditure on Tory fellow travelling will increase still further, if Tate and Lyle's claim that free enterprise advertising expenses can be deducted for tax purposes is upheld against the Treasury's appeal from the Tax Commissioner's decision in favour of Tate and Lyle. Meanwhile there are five million non-trade union Labour voters upon whom Aims of Industry and the other free enterprise organisations are attempting to exercise their greatest influence. Can Labour continue to let its case go by default? It would be a politically dangerous sin of omission.

JOHN CATES

Hard Thinking on Indo-China

ON Monday, the Paris evening papers announced that a Three-Power Conference on Indo-China would shortly be held in Washington. The decision to have such an Anglo-Franco-American meeting, it was now disclosed, had been taken as a result of a secret communication by M. Pleven to the U.S. Ambassador in Paris in which he said that French Intelligence had acquired a lot of information to show that the Chinese Communists were harbouring "aggressive intentions" towards Indo-China. In making this *démarche*, *France-Soir* said M. Pleven had hoped (*a*) to speed up American deliveries to Indo-China and (*b*) to alert Allied opinion in favour of organising common defence in South-East Asia. Although it had been decided to hold the Conference, *France-Soir* added the British were treating the French "disclosures" with a grain of salt; the Americans had made it clear that they cannot, in present circumstances, intervene actively in Indo-China.

It is curious that Pleven's *démarche* to the U.S. Ambassador should have happened when it did happen, and one cannot help detecting a strange coincidence between it and the beginning of the full-dress debate on Indo-China at the National Assembly. Was not the "warning" to the U.S. about the Chinese menace calculated to produce some new "element" which would help France to find a way out of the Indo-Chinese tangle? For M. Pleven must have known what the debate on Indo-China was going to reveal. And what it did reveal, above all, was that, whatever view one took on Indo-China, practically everybody was agreed on one thing—which is that France cannot afford to continue the war on the present basis.

The war is going to cost France about 500 milliard francs—or between one-sixth and one-seventh of her entire expenditure—in 1952. Apart from this overwhelming financial argument against pursuing the war at all (at least on its present basis), there was the equally potent argument that "one had to choose"; it was beyond France's financial means and military possibilities to pursue the war in Indo-China and, at the same time, build a large army in Europe which alone would enable her to pull her weight sufficiently in the future organisation of Western Europe.

Thoughts which, a year ago, would have been considered "defeatist," or "unfriendly to France," were now quite openly expressed from some quite unexpected quarters; and it was these speeches, much more than the official utterances, which corresponded closest to the general mood in France. For a start, M. Mendès-France, the most "unorthodox" of the Radicals, once again dwelt on the relatively backward state of French economy, and on the utter impossibility for France both to build up an army in Europe and to pursue the war in Indo-China.

> I am asking for a change of policy in Indo-China. I have never advocated capitulation; but I have asked, and am still asking, that every avenue be explored for an agreement with Viet Minh. . . . As long as you go on losing all these officers and men in Indo-China, as long as you go on spending 500 milliards a year, you will have no army in Europe, and only 500 milliards' worth of inflation, poverty, and fuel for Communist propaganda.

More surprising in his condemnation of the Indo-China war was another Radical leader, M. Daladier, who also argued that as long as 7,000 French officers, 32,000 n.c.os and 134,000 professional soldiers were "marooned" in Indo-China, France would not only be hopelessly outnumbered but would also be unable to control her possessions in Africa. It was asking for trouble; it was like inviting the U.S. to build up Germany as Europe's Number One military power. But while M. Daladier did not think it possible to negotiate with Viet Minh, he wished U.N. to negotiate an armistice to be followed by a referendum in each province—a vote by the people of Vietnam "would freely choose the regime they desire."

M. Costes-Floret, of the M.R.P., seemed to think France could gain something from an "international settlement" in the Far East, comprising Korea, China and Indo-China. The two great weaknesses of his argument were, of course, that (*a*) the Bao Dai regime and the Bao Dai army are little more than a myth, and (*b*) it is most unlikely that in a Presidential year Washington will consider admitting Peking to the U.N.

While Costes-Floret was advocating an "internationalisation of the peace" M. Palewski, for the Gaullists, was advocating the "internationalisation of the war," demanding that Britain and America should actively take part in it, if only with their navy and air force. All of which might have sounded a little more convincing but for a striking remark made by a Socialist deputy, M. Gaston Defferre, who claimed that, when Mr. Churchill was in Paris last and was asked what help Britain could give France in Indo-China, he replied: "England did well to get out of India." A good story, anyway—and *perhaps* true. In any case, it put a damper on M. Palewski's crusading zeal.

The most curious thing about M. Pleven's rather ill-tempered comments on Indo-China was that he did not really attempt to answer either of his critics' two major arguments: that the war in Indo-China was ruining France's economy and currency, and that it was reducing her political and military weight in Europe. The most that could be read into it was that he might conceivably agree to "negotiate with Peking," whatever that meant. For the rest he claimed that the French forces had done a magnificent job in Indo-China in the last year; that they were getting stronger every day (even though, in the same breath, he said that Viet Minh, "strongly supported by the Chinese," was *also* getting stronger) and that in a year or eighteen months from now France could reach a settlement "from positions of strength." At the same time he gave a glowing account of the Bao Dai army—an account later debunked by one speaker after another—and paid a warm tribute to the help received from the U.S.—even though it is common knowledge that this help has not come at all up to the expectations entertained by the French during de Lattre's visit to Washington last summer, when, for a few short days, he was being written up in the popular press as "the French MacArthur."

Claude Bourdet in *Observateur* criticises the "official euphoria" displayed by M. Pleven; he writes of the very substantial American equipment Viet Minh has been receiving not only from China, but also been buying from the Bao Dai crowd; their anti-aircraft defences, he says, are particularly effective. He also discusses the strategic reasons why Viet Minh are now engaged in a war of attrition, which will wear down the French more rapidly than them, rather than embark on an all-out offensive, which might fail (the French casualty figures he quotes are much higher than the official ones). He gives, too, some unsavoury examples of the friction existing between the French and the Baodaists, and of the general atmosphere of corruption and financial scandals prevailing at Hanoi and Saigon. He, indeed, claims that there would perhaps be less resistance in Paris to terminating the war in Indo-China if there were not so many rackets in Indo-China—notably the piastre racket, with its two exchange rates—in which not only numerous in-

IS BRITAIN'S ECONOMY 76 YEARS OUT OF DATE?

At a time when Britain's whole economy is geared to the export drive, we are producing about as much food in this country as in 1875. Yet the whole success of the export drive depends ultimately on food production.

To sell goods abroad, prices must be competitive. Prices depend, through production and living costs, on the cost of food. The cost of imported food today equals more than half the total value of our exports, and is still rising. If we wish for a better future, therefore, we must grow more food — cheaper food — for ourselves.

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dividuals in Paris, but even whole political groups in France are keenly interested.

But a still more serious allegation is this: America is not really interested in seeing a French army built up in Europe. Washington, in fact, welcomes the absence of a large French army as an additional excuse for going ahead with the rearmament of Germany, a much more "reliable" ally. At the same time, Washington likes to see France keeping Indo-China warm—just in case. This, Bourdet argues, is perhaps the chief reason of Pleven's "unimaginative" policy in Indo-China. But is this not also one of the reasons why the Pleven policy is nearing its end and why it will be replaced by either a more determined "war policy" in Indo-China (here is where the U.S. Republicans and de Gaulle may find some common ground), or by a more determined peace policy? For better or for worse, there is a noticeable breakaway everywhere in Europe from the Truman-Acheson-Eisenhower conceptions. The bulk of people in France do not seriously expect an unprovoked Soviet invasion of Europe; they are therefore unconvinced about the need of rearming Germany and giving up East-West trade. The Indo-China debate was typical of Europe's growing distaste for the routine and the spirit of predestination of the last two years.

Paris, January 7. ALEXANDER WERTH

So They Say . . .

AFTER the breathless excitement of the *Queen Mary's* delayed sailing, and the episode of Mr. Churchill's jammed zipper, the press at last worked round to what it hoped, or feared, were the reasons for the Prime Minister's visit.

"Good luck, Godspeed, Voyager," wished Lord Kemsley's *Sunday Chronicle* fervently, representing, in its vague hope for a "full two-way understanding and a closer and more powerful alliance," the orthodox Tory editorial view. A rather different note was sounded by *Reynolds News*, which said that Mr. Churchill was asking not for a joint plan to raise the living standards of the people of Malaya, but for aid to carry on the war there; not for American markets for British goods, but for steel to convert British industry from peace to war. Lord Beaverbrook's papers, as usual, took their own highly individual line, with the *Sunday Express* urging Mr. Churchill to convince America that our present rearmament programme is too much for us, that our army will not be incorporated in a European army, that talks with Stalin must be reopened, and that we have a right to share America's atomic secrets!

While the Prime Minister (according to the *Sunday Express*) steadily ate his way through oysters across the Atlantic ("with lunch every day and with every dinner except two"), editorial speculation increased. "If Mr. Churchill is going to barter cuts in British education, health services, or food subsidies, for American concessions, his action will be repudiated . . . by the British people," warned the *Daily Herald*. "The glaring need for the working out of a strategy for peace," was how the *News Chronicle* saw the mission.

By this time, according to Alastair Cooke in the *Manchester Guardian*, instructions had gone out in Washington "to ensure the proper protection of the Republic against the distinguished guided missile." CHURCHILL: AMERICANS ASK "HOW MUCH?" said the *Chronicle*, rather more bluntly; and the next day added an earnest editorial assurance that Mr. Churchill was "not seeking anything more . . . in the way of financial aid." *The Times* noted that "no one will relish more than the P.M. himself the slight disarray perceptible in Washington," and added that "few diplomatic missions can have been more straightforward." It argued that there was little real difference in policy, except perhaps in the Middle East; it said nothing of the Far East. The *Manchester Guardian* considered that the motive of the visit was "largely psychological . . . Mr. Churchill . . . wants to assure the Americans that we are worthy of their friendship."

Mr. Churchill's arrival in Washington touched off a (more or less) unanimous wave of optimism in the British press. PEACE—HOPE—SALVATION was the *Sunday Express*'s main headline. HARMONY ON MAIN QUESTIONS said the *Observer*. PLEDGE OF FULL CONSULTATION WITH BRITAIN BEFORE ATOM BOMB IS USED, reported the *Sunday Times* hopefully. But the *Sunday Pictorial* ran the headline CAN CHURCHILL BRING IT OFF? on Crossman's despatch from Washington; he said the visit "could not have come at a more embarrassing time for those Americans who sincerely desire to improve Anglo-American relations."

On Monday, when the talks were about to open, Fleet Street had its last warning word. "Don't get the wrong idea," repeated the *Daily Graphic*, "Mr. Churchill has not crossed the Atlantic to win concessions . . . at America's expense." CHURCHILL MUST WATCH HIS STEP cried the *Daily Herald*, concerned about American pressure on Far East, German and Spanish policy.

But the most succinct expression of the world's attitude came in two headlines that day:—

Daily Express: SAVE-THE-PEACE TALKS OPEN.
Daily Worker: WASHINGTON WAR TALKS OPEN.

AUTOLYCUS

Snouts Afire

NOT to everyone is it given to attend, no matter how passively, the birth of an immaculate Giant Billiard, weight 68 grams. It was in an old, rambling factory in the Minories, redolent with the faint scent of seasoned briar, that I watched this notable delivery, keeping my fingers crossed (for reasons which I shall explain), until it was completed. I was there at the invitation of Mr. Reuben Charatan, one of the few great craftsmen left in the making, free-hand, of fine briar pipes.

First, we picked from a heap an extra-large *plateau*—a section, that is, of an *ébauchon* (the trimmed root of a Tree Heath) which had seemed in the saw-mill, far away in Algeria, to give good hopes of that prized straight grain. In the hand, the block was sphinx-like, for seasoning had covered it with a greenish film which hid the texture; but, stripped delicately by a whirling saw and wetted with the tongue, the smooth surfaces were promising. The grain, however, ran not true to the *plateau*'s rectangular shape but at thirty degrees or so from the vertical. Here, then, was a job no automatic lathe could tackle—quite apart from the fact that it would be uneconomic to tool up for the production of such specialised shapes as Giants. My host solved the problem by tracing a pattern slant-wise on the rectangle, so that the grain would run straight and true up the bowl of the pipe. Then, shaped roughly by the circular saw, the blank was cradled in a chuck, adjusted, after trial, by a counterpoise weight to make it spin sweetly; under the chisel, shavings flew like tatters of thin silk; gradually bowl and stem, turned and bored, took shapely form.

Would the work, even at the last moment, reveal a flaw in the grain, a fault in the briar, which would render the whole labour sleaveless? That was my vicarious anxiety; but unless Mr. Charatan, with his many years' experience, knew more about that particular *plateau* than he pretended, my presence must have brought luck; the Giant emerged flawless, superlative in quality of grain. Nothing remained to be done but the finishing—first "papering" (the smoothing off on carborundum and emery wheels); next a touch of linseed oil to bring out the grain and a dab of spirit to "kill" the linseed; then a burnish given by the edge of a buffing wheel of tightly packed calico. Meanwhile, the mouthpiece, turned and bored by other craftsmen out of a vulcanite rod, had been got ready. It was fitted with amazing precision. No staining, no faking, just a final polish: the Giant, labelled "Supreme Quality," was ready for shipment to Jermyn Street. Time of manufacture, say, sixty minutes.

Such, in brief outline, is the practice of a highly skilled handicraft which is not, in itself, much over half a century old, though it is nearly a century since Mr. Frederick Charatan came from France and began to make pipes in London. As every schoolboy is supposed to know, it was as long ago as 1586 that Ralph Lane, first Governor of Virginia, taught to Sir Walter Raleigh a comforting habit which he had learned from the Indians. The tale appears to be *ben trovato* rather than factual, though there is better evidence that the luckless Raleigh "tooke a pipe of tobacco a little before he went to the scaffolde." But my point is that when the excitable Welshman (also legendary) chanced on a gallant smoking in Elizabethan London and called out, "Jesehu, man, stop! By Cot's plut, your snoute's afire!" the pipe he saw in action was clay. Indeed, throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in England, the clay pipe—short and small-bowled at first (the product of Broseley in Staffordshire), then developed into the ampler, graceful Churchwarden—ruled the roost. With the ferment of the French Revolution, innovations were tried—silver ("too hot"), cherrywood, bone, ivory and finally, with a great vogue that lasted many decades, meerschaum, that oddly light hydrous magnesium silicate, found in alluvial deposits of Asia Minor and (so the tale goes) put at pipe-smokers' disposal by the chance discovery of a Budapest shoemaker that it worked well when waxed. Only when Queen Victoria was an old lady did the cool, sweet-smoking properties of briar begin to be exploited; only then did the London-made pipe acquire its reputation.

It was a fame which rested always on functional qualities rather than elaboration of appearance. If that is what you are after, you must pay a visit to Astley's shop behind St. James', Piccadilly. There you may inspect a collection of curio pipes beside which the straight-grained "classics" of Mr. Charatan are penny-plain indeed. There are the meerschaum arabesques in which nineteenth-century Vienna specialised—carved heads of men, birds, beasts, and even Death for bowls, and a pipe shaped as a can-can dancer's lace-frilled leg with an amber slipper for mouthpiece. There are the German and Austrian enamelled porcelain pipes, with their long cherrywood stems; Persian hookahs; a carved gold and silver affair from Burma; and, among an assortment of strange native pipes from Africa and the Indies, a tomahawk which could, as desired, be smoked—or used. Though the immense glass pipes blown in the heyday of Bristol, the decorative eccentricities of the Staffordshire potters, and the delicate little pipes of Dresden were ornamental, not functional, European snouts have been afire in many ingenious ways since the Incorporated Pipemakers of London in 1619 took as their motto, "Let brotherly love continue."

Now those who minister to this comfortable practice, no matter how single-minded their devotion to their craft, must eat and pay landlord and tax collector; and the humdrum economics of pipe manufacture are not without interest. As I have said, at the farthest end of

a worthwhile resolution for 1952

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the business is the supplier in Algeria, Calabria, or France, who cuts the briar roots into blocks of ordered sizes, boils them for twenty-four hours, and then lets them dry slowly under cover—sometimes of earth. (If it dries too quickly the block of boiled briar cracks and is spoiled.) Shipped to England in bags containing 30-60 dozen blocks, according to size—specially selected straight-grained *plateaux* are sold separately by weight—the raw material now costs three to four times as much as in 1939; and it has to lie for, say, two years in England before it is so thoroughly seasoned that a thick-walled (hence cool) pipe of the Charatan type shall not weigh too much in the mouth. Only a small proportion of the output—top-quality specimens and pipes made, as many are, to choosy customers' own designs—is hand-turned; the bulk is turned on ingenious automatic lathes and hand-finished. Even so, costs have to be based on the fact that only 15 per cent. of the blocks turn out pipes worthy to bear the Charatan brand. The remainder, with moulded mouthpieces, finds its way to the cheap market. The final value, retail, of the branded products is, I daresay, ten times that of the raw material in them; but out of this sales revenue pipe-makers must bear the cost of the whole of the imported raw material (including wastage), of manufacture (including mouthpieces), of "selling" and of a 66⅔ per cent. purchase tax on the factory price. The fine pipe under present conditions cannot be produced very cheaply.

More relevant to most of us is the question whether "cheap" pipes, whose price is now at least half a guinea as compared with 3s 6d in 1939, could not be sold more cheaply. Here you run into a social paradox. To paraphrase Mr. Belloc:

> It is the business of the wealthy man
> To give cheap smoking to the artisan.

Pipe manufacturers naturally always try to procure *bruyère* which will turn out pipes of good grain—straight, birdseye, or "cross." If more rejects—serviceable, if not up to branded standard—from "quality" makers were available, the greater supply would doubtless bring down prices; but the volume of rejects depends on total turnover, and that is conditioned, in the case of Charatan's and other high-grade makers, by the volume of "quality" sales. So, it seems, the connoisseur of straight graining is not merely a snob among smokers; he is unconsciously performing a social service when he buys a new pipe.

This he is encouraged to do by Mr. Charatan in much the same way as women are lured to the purchase of a new hat. Into each year's catalogue there is shrewdly introduced some new model. It may be the flat-bottomed Ritz which does not topple and spill ash; it may be a copy in briar of an old Churchwarden with interchangeable short and long mouthpieces; or it may be a mildly eccentric Huntsman or a still more exotic Hollywood. "New shapes," observed Mr. Charatan slyly, as he shook the briar dust from his hair and heretically lighted a cigarette, "must be intriguing but never ostentatious or *outré*. Always good style." Surely, in its fashion, an echo—and not so faint—is detectable here of Mr. Chippendale's voice.

AYLMER VALLANCE

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The Arts and Entertainment

SCHUBERT'S QUINTET

WHEN we hear again, after an interval, Schubert's great String Quintet in C major—the one with the two 'cellos of which a recording is reviewed elsewhere in this issue—the effect is intoxicating, dumbfounding; other music is for the time being obliterated. If this were merely a personal confession, it would hardly be worth making; but the feeling seems to be widespread. Nothing else, perhaps, in music has been so passionately and intimately loved; among chamber music players, amateur and professional, the supreme beauty of the work is unquestioned. The late W. W. Cobbett, in his *Cyclopedic Survey of Chamber Music*, quotes a curious instance of the affection in which the Quintet is held. "I have known four musicians," he says, "all greatly experienced in this class of music, and none in the least inclined by disposition to sentimentality, who with strange unanimity expressed the feeling that, were they fated in their last hours to listen to some lovely strain, this would be the music of their election." Many music-lovers would assent, thinking most likely of the Adagio, though it was the second subject of the first movement which was chosen by one of Cobbett's friends as an inscription for his tomb.

In Sir George Grove's day, the String Quintet was universally accepted as a masterpiece and the composer's finest achievment in the sphere of chamber music. But if you consult recent writers on Schubert you will be surprised to discover how its reputation has waned. The professors of today hold it in lower esteem than do the public, or than their predecessors did. J. A. Westrup, in his chapter on Chamber Music in Gerald Abraham's Schubert "Symposium," praises the first three movements, but is distressed by the popular elements in the Finale: "Only the blind," he decides, "can fail to find their enthusiasm tempered with regret when they contemplate the String Quintet and the piano trios." A. J. B. Hutchings, in the "Master Musicians" series, is troubled by the want of polyphony in the work as a whole: "The Quintet . . . makes heavy demands on the indulgence of those who are trained, and I think rightly trained, not to expect almost unbroken homophony from a work of this size and nature." Alfred Einstein, in his recent study of the composer, plainly admires the work, as a good German must; but he adds a strange rider: "This Quintet is so orchestral in conception and feeling that it scarcely comes within the scope of chamber-music. The second 'cello is treated quite differently from the first. It has essentially a 'supporting' function . . . I have always felt that with a 'single' instrumental combination the weight of tone is unbalanced, and have longed to hear the work played by a 'double' string quartet with a double-bass in place of the present second 'cello."

Of our three professors, the last, who is the most eminent, is also the most puzzling. What does he mean by that remark about the functions of the two 'cellos? They are used throughout the work with unfailing instinct for sonority and blend, and in all sorts of ways; at one moment, for example, in massive unison (when they take over the opening theme in bar 35 of the first movement), at another in warm thirds and sixths (in the famous second subject). And what of the sublime Adagio? Is that also "orchestral in conception and feeling"? Apart from the long-drawn-out beauty of its melody, the feature which instantly strikes the listener here is the fascination and originality of the texture: the three inner voices spinning the theme in close chromatic harmony, while first violin and second 'cello throw in their decorations from above and below, now *arco*, now *pizzicato*, and in the reprise still further varied and elaborated. The lay-out, though new, is in the purest chamber music tradition; the web of tone is always of exquisite delicacy; the part-writing belongs to five solo strings and to nothing else. It is horrible to imagine the parts doubled; still more so to imagine the bottom line given to a double-bass.

The English professors take their stand on grounds of structure and thematic material. They are not wholly in agreement. Mr. Hutchings, for instance, is disappointed by the development section of the first movement, while Mr. Westrup thinks that nothing in the whole realm of chamber music hangs together better than this Allegro. Mr. Hutchings is also bored by the Trio—that strange succession of grave low-pitched unison descents into the unexpected caress of a full harmonic close in D flat major. Both critics find the Finale unworthy. It contains echoes of the café, the theatre and the Hungarian band, which seem to Mr. Westrup incongruous in an elevated work of art; but he frankly admits that Brahms, as well as Schubert, "saw no reason to segregate music into compartments."

We catch in these comments a characteristic English preference for the "learned" style. To those brought up in the atmosphere of the English organ loft, counterpoint has moral significance: it is upright, muscular and Christian, whereas rich monophonic harmony is sinful, flabby and Lisztian. If music cannot be contrapuntal, let it at least be strenuous and aspiring. An idiom so easy-going and so instantly enjoyable as that of Schubert cannot, it is felt, belong to the highest order of art; tunes that ask to be whistled are out of place in an instrumental work of serious pretensions. But to make these assumptions is to reckon without the mysterious transmuting powers of genius. Very similar complaints used once to be levelled against Verdi's Requiem. Because its style is operatic, listeners with oratorio in their blood were at first shocked, then suspicious, and only quite recently converted. Indeed, it is still customary for English programme analysts to write an introductory paragraph explaining away the "theatricality" of Verdi's blazing masterpiece.

Schubert, like Verdi, was accustomed to speak his own language on all occasions; and the language of both composers (like that of Haydn) unselfconsciously incorporated many popular elements. By 1828, Schubert's last year and the year of the Quintet, he had, however, already reached and passed the level laboriously attained by Verdi in his Requiem; that is to say, without abandoning his natural utterance—the most lyrical and spontaneous in all music—he could meditate on the most elevated and the most sorrowful of subjects. One of these was death. As we know from his diary and his letters, death was often in his thoughts; in many of his works the subject is explicitly treated, and it is difficult not to suspect its presence here and there in the Quintet. The solemn trio is the most obvious pointer; and the Adagio reveals a mysterious affinity of mood with Keats's *Ode to a Nightingale*. In the first and last (E major) sections the composer seems, like the poet, "half in love with easeful death"; while the agitated passage in F minor speaks to us in unmistakable accents of "the weariness, the fever, and the fret" of that mortal existence which, a few months later, he was to shake off. He was indeed the most Keatsian of all musicians; and Keatsian too is the despised Finale, with its "Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth." Music need be no less divine because its melodies were cradled in the Prater.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

RADIO NOTES

HAVING missed, on Friday, the latest feature portrait in Nesta Pain's entomological bestiary (this one was on *Beetles*) I fell to wondering about the problem of the Second Hearing—that is, outside the Third Programme, which generally assumes that what is worth one performance is worth another. I believe I am right in thinking that any Light or Home variety show, parlour game or quiz is sure of being repeated two, sometimes three times within the week. I have no objection to the principle of this. But it is hardly consistent that features, documentary programmes like *Focus*, and plays other than Saturday Night Theatre and the Wednesday thriller should disappear after one appearance. The missed programme is surely a greater irritant than the programme repeated. And there are other instances where imagination seems lacking. Some weeks ago, for instance, a half-hour feature on *Missing Persons* went off the air, I think in all districts, at a fairly early point in its tantalising story. Why not repair such accidents at a later date? I don't know if the interesting Sunday night feature *Whereas I Was Blind* (to mark the Louis Braille centenary) will be heard again. It was one of those experiments, so good when successful, in which all voices, except that of a pleasantly unobtrusive commentator, came from the people who were the subject of the study—sightless men and women and schoolchildren. I was glad that we were not let off too easily with these fresh assured cheerful voices; a harder note was struck by an older man, despairing at his failing sight, and quoting, to illustrate his position, some lines from *The Lady of Shalott*. A blinded airman's friendly answer did not destroy the impression.

The several Home Service plays I heard this week had an unexpected bond; all dealt specifically with matters of conscience; none offered a conventionally happy ending. *The Judge's Story* (Monday night) was the major production. Moving, clever, thoroughly well presented—and about a sacrifice which was surely not worth making—it was an object-lesson in how far the most guarded listener can be taken by a team of good actors and a skilful writer who is a master of the suave profound. By aiming at importance, Charles Morgan often seems to attain it; by demanding a state of elevated feeling in his audience he can keep them from wondering, at the time, about the spiritual (or narrative) conundrums that the philosophical glossiness conceals. These are no small achievements. *Poor Man's Miracle*, a translation from the Polish of F. B. Czarnomski, put on at the unpredictable but sometimes rewarding time of Sunday afternoon, was an investigation into the causes (false) and the effects (real) of a "miracle." Its flavour was both kind and bitter, as if Strindberg, in the mood of *Easter Day*, had written about that trial of Mr. Crawley which never took place. Rupert Croft Cooke's *Three Names for Nicholas* (Saturday Night Theatre) had, in spite of its rambling shape and unremarkable dialogue, an idea and a conclusion equally surprising. A young clergyman leaves his work and home in order to "find" himself, and discovers—nothing at all. A nice astringent set of situations for the post-Christmas week.

Of recent talks, quite the most interesting were the two accounts of *The Gladstone Papers* by A. Tilney Bassett, who has been sorting the enormous mass for forty years, and has a voice which suits his theme. "I remember a late Bishop of Lincoln once saying to me," observed Mr. Bassett, "that people used to write to Mr. Gladstone much as they do now to the *Times*." But letters are only part; diaries, criticism, poetry, private jottings—all serve to provide a mine of anecdote and historical gossip. By the way, did Queen Victoria really say, on the occasion of her last daughter's marriage: "I think that no woman should marry except under exceptional circumstances"? The remark came back to me as I listened to the opening acts of *Man and Superman* (which may be heard in full this Friday night). Conceiving, at that moment, an imaginary Conversation on women and marriage between Shaw and his Sovereign (which she was, after all, for fifty years), I wondered which would first retire. My view is that the lady, with her unanswerable convictions, her equally long habit of dogmatic thinking, and her greater practical experience, would not think of going away the loser.

NAOMI LEWIS

THE MOVIES

"The African Queen," at Warner's
"Summer Interlude," at the New Gallery

RIVERS have always had a special delight for the screen. Melodramatically, from *Way Down East* to *Symphonie Pastorale*, climaxes have hurried to the water's edge; we have *seen* the willow aslant a brook and Ophelia floating; the young Gorky ran down to gaze at the shuffling convict gang by the Volga, and (with some change in intensity) Negroes raised their heads above the corn to attend the hummable passage of Show-boat; one of the best poem-documentaries of our time embraced the Mississippi with Whitman-like zest; and I can think of at least two masterpieces—Renoir's *Partie de Campagne* and Flaherty's *Louisiana Story*—in which, though so differently, the river itself spoke its words. Never can I, who forget so much, be forgetful of the one's rain-swept recession or the other's dawdle in sunlight: returning to them, as I do whenever I get the chance, I find myself toying with a sentimental conviction that cameras were made for rivers and rivers for cameras.

The river in *The African Queen* doesn't quite stir this lyrical preoccupation. One doesn't feel one has known it all one's life; but it's lazy, and angry, and at times beautiful, and it plays at least as large a part in adventure as Miss Katharine Hepburn and Mr. Humphrey Bogart (who, by the by, play theirs remarkably well). The adventure is in German East Africa, early in the '14 war, which has fired a native village, killed off the English missionary, and thrown together an evangelical sister and a scrubby little river carter, who escape in the latter's old steamboat. Down river they go, through rain and past thicket, with some lunatic idea of blowing up a posh German steamer in the lake at the bottom. At least, that's *her* idea; and soon she is as implacably inspired by it as by the best bits of her late brother's sermons. A charming situation arises: the prim lady is going hell-for-leather, and the tough gin-gurgling boatman can't hold her back. They shoot rapids; they are shot at from a headland by delighted natives of the other side; they shoot worse rapids; they mock hippos, and get almost murdered by mosquitos (but were those huge attackers mosquitos?); they have to mend a propeller blade and fall in love and at last wade among the reeds pulling their old tin Lizzie foot by foot to the very edge of the lake and its steamer: then, with the Union Jack aboist, and home-made torpedoes pointing, they prepare to ram the enemy. The adventure then—being perhaps too consciously set for box-office success—drops several degrees in charm and probability: some solution, of course, was needed, but not this one (of capture, marriage with nooses round their necks, and a nick-of-time explosion). A pity; but the ending's not ruinous. In general the adventure has been given precisely the humorous lilt it requires, and John Huston makes the most of his river, English eccentricity, and a pair of actors too doted upon to be always good. Bogart, in particular, has not for a long time given so skilled and vivacious a performance. While *The African Queen* is delightful to encounter—especially so early in the year—it can't hold a candle to the same director's mutilated *The Red Badge of Courage*, still to be found, I think, along the square.

The mists of flu—which will descend upon even the most discerning critic—have for the moment almost swallowed me up. Before I disappear, let me recommend *Summer Interlude*, Arne Suckdorff's fifteen-minute impression, which without a word mingles its poetry and satire of a Swedish seaside.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

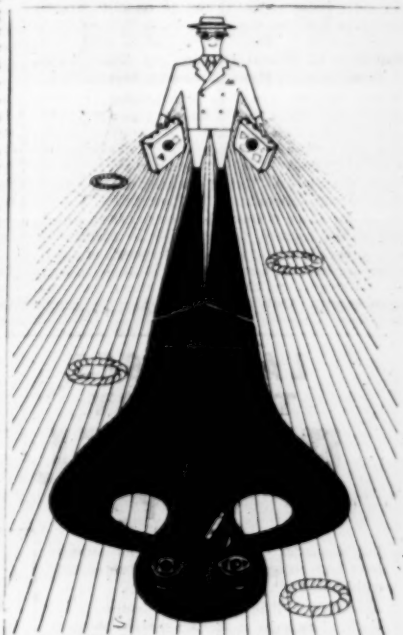
"Thieves' Carnival," at the Arts

This is an early Anouilh which gives us more of the Anouilh properties than the Anouilh words. A French watering place in the nineteen-hundreds: the rich heiresses, one romantic the other bored: the world-weary aunt who to while away a dreary fortnight allows three thieves to masquerade in her villa as Spanish Grandees. It is a forerunner of *L'Invitation au Château*, less developed, less clothed in the brilliant dialogue, but still eminently theatrical. But it is largely up to designers and producer. Miss Fanny Taylor provides a perfect set, all tulle and feathers, and Mr. Michael Ellis provides delightful clothes. But Mr. Roy Rich lays on the production with altogether too heavy a hand. Two of the thieves clump and galumph: the third is wildly miscast. Miss Maxine Audley shows the way it should have gone with the bored sister, and Miss Elizabeth Henson makes a good shot, against the grain, at an Anouilh heroine: while Mr. Wyndham Goldie and Miss Judith Furse, if they lack a little in command, at least take their parts seriously. This is the essence of comedy acting and elsewhere it is sadly to be sought.

T. C. W.

Julian Trevelyan, at the Redfern Gallery

There are two ways of approaching this show. One can either regret that Trevelyan has lost something, or one can find indications that he is now searching for a vision far sturdier than any he has had in the past. Personally, I used to enjoy his temperamental, carefree pictures—which were more than charming because beneath their toyland fantasies there was an alert sensuousness—but I doubted whether any painter could genuinely preserve such an attitude for any length of time. These twenty new landscapes (ranging from Majorca to Chiswick) show that Trevelyan has not attempted to do so; they are paintings based more on observation than mood. However, in thus changing—or enlarging—his attitude, Trevelyan has had to face a huge, new problem: the problem of discovering rather than inventing colour. The green of a bush must do more than be attractive; it must comment on the particular conditions of



nature, space and light which have produced it. If it fails to do this, the picture (if based on colour) ceases to be organic. And this is what has happened in most of Trevelyan's new paintings. One feels that the colours have been imposed instead of snared. Yet there are at least two paintings which succeed; look at the distant bits of bright blue jangling between the pine-trees in No. 2, look at the taut, viridian sky in the smaller painting of Chiswick—they *work* for their decorative existence. These two paintings make most of the others look like bits of decor but they also prove that Trevelyan is capable of real development. J. B.

Lyonel Feininger, at the A.I.A. Gallery, Lisle Street

This show of 40 water-colours and drawings is the first exhibition of Feininger's work ever held in London. In America, where he was born in 1871, and in Germany, where he worked and taught at the Bauhaus, Feininger is famous. Mr. Hans Hess writes in the catalogue that his art is one of understatement and discretion. This is true. (In some ways his work is reminiscent of that of the poet E. E. Cummings—the same economy, the same exact, tiny humour, the same sense of placing.) His temperament is romantic—as a young man he was an expressionist—but his work now is disciplined by his knowledge and experience of prismatic cubism. Sometimes, as when he turns skyscrapers into craggy mountains, his poetic feeling appears facile; but generally, and especially when he is dealing with his favourite subjects of ships, quaysides and the sea, one is struck by a remarkable talent which is able to evoke simultaneously a sense of order and a sense of mystery, a sense of the drawn line as an image in itself and a sense of real space. He is able to follow an indian-ink line up into the sky as if it were the string of a kite; he is able to discover an aerial rigging of light above the sea to correspond with the actual rigging of a ship; he is able to draw a viaduct as if the swift diagrammatic lines on the paper somehow bore the same stress as the arches themselves; he is able to reduce a house to a blue-print—not of what it was when designed by the architect—but of what it is now, adapted to life, its space inhabited. J. B.

Exhibition of Mural Designs for Studholmes, Lancaster, at Henry's Stores, Manchester

What happens when an enterprising Northern business man (Mr. Leonard Cohen) organises a £100 competition for a mural, which is to occupy an arcade-corner of a Lancaster clothing shop? And when, while leaving the choice of subject open to the artist, he suggests that designs "might illustrate the varied life, industrial and agricultural," of Lancashire? The results, in the shape of nearly fifty entries from various parts of the country, are on show in Manchester. Most competitors have attempted Lancastrian motifs, so that we have an array—indeed, at times an overdose—of knights and barons, hikers, miners, mills and seaside resorts. Only a few have tackled the general theme with real success, embodying it in a design which functions as a mural, instead of being an overblown easel-painting. But there are several charming and imaginative sketches, the best among them a stylish entry by F. H. Lyle, in which sheep, sewing-machines and cotton-spindles hint at the preoccupations of Lancashire (and Yorkshire?), and also at the goods within the shop. Mr. Cohen is to be commended, for it is through this sort of experiment that the alienated pair—artist and patron—may in future be brought together. M. F. C.

Correspondence

WHOSE PRODUCTIVITY?

SIR,—John Cates criticises the reports of the productivity teams which have been issued by the Anglo-American Council on Productivity as "vehicles of cultural and ideological propaganda." The one and only object of the various teams is to draw such conclusions from their studies of American and British practice in the industries examined as are likely to increase productivity here, and not, except in so far as it may be relevant to that object, to make a general review or criticism of social conditions in the United States. It follows that the teams naturally sought to ascertain the principal reasons for American industrial achievements, achievements which are reflected in the high standard of living in the United States and which, given the necessary conditions, could, it is hoped, be approached in time in Britain.

I do not think that many people who know anything of the working of American industry would deny that, despite Congressional allegations of increasing monopolisation, American industry is fundamentally based on the free competitive spirit and on individual enterprise. Nor would they deny that the spirit of personal endeavour, which appears to be inbred in the majority of Americans and which is an essential part of the American way of life, is one of the primary reasons for American industries' success in continually raising their rate of productivity. In any case the fact remains that some 580 members of British productivity teams have borne witness to their belief that these statements are true, and their unanimity becomes increasingly conclusive as each succeeding report is issued.

As secretary of the Building Productivity Team, I fail entirely to see how Mr. Cates is justified in describing as "misleading" the extract from the report which he quotes and which summarised this team's view of the underlying factors which result in speed and efficiency of construction in the United States, many examples of which are given in the report. He goes on to accuse the team of intentional or unintentional suppression of the fact that productivity and output per man-hour in American building is below the pre-war level. If he will refer to pages 14 and 15 of the Building Report, he will find a long quotation from the Construction Cost Survey of the Dow Service on this point.

The building team is next charged with myopia for making no reference to certain extravagantly expressed criticisms of the American housebuilding industry made by what is described as "a Committee of Congress." I am fully familiar with the document from which Mr. Cates quotes, and it would certainly have been referred to in the report if its conclusions had been worthy of serious credence. The document, however, is not in fact the report of a Committee of Congress, but a diatribe by a single U.S. Senator acting as a one-man Sub-Committee of the Congress Committee on Housing. It would require too much space to attempt to answer in detail these irrelevant criticisms. The United States is so vast a country that some of the conditions which he describes could no doubt be shown to exist in particular areas, but, as a general criticism of the American industry, it is as far removed from the truth as the frequently repeated accusation that the British building operative's productivity is halved by the restrictive practices of the building unions here.

So much for the alleged mis-statements and suppressions of fact in the Building Report! I cannot speak for the many other teams to which the article refers, but I should be surprised if in each case they did not faithfully record those facts relating to the respective American industries which in their opinion would be of value to the corresponding British industry. It is certainly untrue to say that the reports as a whole are unduly critical of the industriousness of the British worker; in the Building Report, for example, the defects of management and of the professional side of the industry are indicated with equal, if not greater, force.

C. GORDON ROWLANDS

[Mr. Cates writes: "Mr. Rowlands may deny that American industry is becoming increasingly monopolised, but his conclusion is not supported by the facts. In 1938, 1 per cent. of employers employed 48 per cent. of the work force, and one-tenth of 1 per cent. of the corporations owned 45 per cent. of the total assets. During the war there was further concentration. The number of firms declined by 500,000 between 1941 and 1944, and there were more than 1,600 mergers and acquisitions. The 25 largest corporations operated 45 per cent. of Government war plants. One corporation produces almost one-half the steel, three produce almost 90 per cent. of the automobiles, two produce 95 per cent. of the plate glass, three produce 90 per cent. of the tins. Hardly fields for Mr. Rowlands' 'competitive spirit' and 'individual enterprise'! I am surprised to hear Mr. Rowlands describe the report quoted as a 'diatribe by a single U.S. Senator acting as a one-man Sub-Committee.' The Report, in fact, was a majority report of the Sub-committee, which had a number of members. And if Mr. Rowlands' doubts persist he may want to consult the Final Majority Report, Joint Committee on Housing, 80th Congress, 2nd Session, which stated that 'the investigation of the committee has confirmed the general belief that the housebuilding industry has lagged behind other industries in the extent of its industrial and technical development. . . . A majority of the houses being produced today are built by the same handicraft methods which were used fifty years ago.' The Building Productivity Team found 'a general belief in the need for experiment and progress . . . coupled with penalties for failure to keep abreast of the times . . .' I am disappointed that Mr. Rowlands, who is Secretary of the National Federation of Building Trades *Employers*, has not made clear how and why his team reached so interesting a conclusion."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—It is interesting that John Cates's article in your issue of December 29 on the above subject should receive such prompt support in the form of the Anglo-American Council on Productivity's Report on the packet goods industry published on December 31.

In case any of your readers did not see the Report or the press accounts of it, the following points, among others, are worth noting:—

1. The Report thus summarises the main reasons for the greater productivity in the American than the British industry:

"Because of improvements in technique, we

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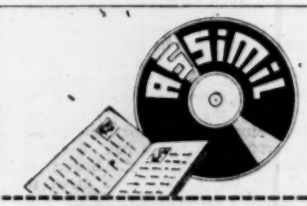

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found that the American worker is required to put less physical effort into his job than the British. In the United States, nothing is moved by hand where a machine can be made to do the work, and every effort is made to avoid laborious hand processes and breaks in the production line.

This does not mean that the American worker is less inclined to work hard; quite the reverse. We found a very positive attitude to work, with tea-breaks uncommon and lunch-breaks of only half an hour. Moreover, we found that the American worker appears to have no objection to overtime nor to shift work; a great number of firms were working two or three shifts.

2. The task of the American manager is said to be made much easier by his freedom from form-filling, in marked contrast to the position in Britain where, according to the Report:

"At the moment there is too much frustration and a lot of it comes from controls. We realise that during and since the war a variety of controls has been necessary, but they are deadening to economic life and more so to the intellect and spirit. We feel that risks must be taken in abolishing them and the greatest care taken before any new ones resulting from difficulties of rearmament are imposed."

Two other points from the Report are also of interest, even if they do not bear directly on John Cates's argument. The Report states that, in America, the industry is not hampered by shortages in supplies, having an immediate call on all the raw materials needed; and that, there, the situation is that "demand is created rather than met."

If any confirmation of John Cates's thesis were required, it is supplied by this latest Report.

GRAEME C. MOODIE

The University, St. Andrews.

LAUNDRY COSTS

SIR,—In his interesting article on the laundry business Mr. Norman MacKenzie gives the impression that, short of some entirely new technique being developed, such as ultra-sonic washing, the industry is on the verge of bankruptcy.

This might be true if the figures he gives of wage and salary costs per pound of turnover were correct. No modern, well-equipped laundry would be content to run on a wage and salary-cost of 12s. 1½d. in the pound. With well organised production and transport this figure should not be higher than 10s. in the pound. A large laundry with dry-cleaning and bagwash departments could reduce this cost to 9s. in the pound, pay wages above trade union rates, and leave a margin for handsome profits.

That there are good profits to be made out of the laundry and dry-cleaning business can be seen when it is realised that the industry is now largely controlled by big financial groups who operate chains of laundries. Perhaps the largest of these is the British Electric Traction Company, which has not only bought individual laundries up and down the country but now controls the large group owned by Advance Laundries, Ltd. The Initial Services, Ltd., National United Laundries, Ltd., and Loud & Western (Sunlight Laundries), Ltd., own about sixty laundries between them.

It is true that many small laundries have gone out of business during recent years but this is largely because they failed to keep pace with modern development. Many suffered from an acute shortage of labour and the proprietors, rather than be faced with the worry of running a difficult business, preferred to sell the premises at a high price to some other industry, which did not require such a relatively large labour force, and retire on the proceeds.

What has hit the laundry industry very badly is the almost complete lack of juvenile labour. Girls will not come into the industry on leaving school. Before the war many laundries were largely staffed by juveniles on very low rates of pay. Girls were taken on at 14 and the moderate performers were sacked at 18.

Co-operative laundries are, on the whole, going through a lean time. It is estimated by the Co-operative Union that 60 per cent. are running at a loss. Although Co-operative laundries are organised 100 per cent. trade union and pay higher basic wages together with sick pay and longer holidays, they also suffer from a labour shortage. They have been slow to introduce payment-by-results systems and in general their wage costs are disproportionately high.

Although the laundry industry is not making such large profits as it did before the war and immediately afterwards, I suspect the average laundry proprietor's attitude is similar to that of the North-country mill-owner, who would admit he had made money in the past, and hoped to make it in the future, but he was not making it at the present time.

Leicester. LAUNDRY MANAGER

SIR,—Mr. MacKenzie has given a fair account of the laundry industry and its dilemma, but his average costs are over simplified. The laundries making less than 5 per cent. net profit are mostly those living in the past, who fail to replace workers with machines, when it would be economic to do so. These laundries—they are mostly small—have, in the past year started going out of business rapidly. Sometimes they sell out to the big public companies active in the laundry field, or if they are very run down, the business is sold under the hammer.

The group of laundries making more than 5 per cent. profit usually have wage and salary costs of under 50 per cent., but spend far more than 6 per cent. on depreciation and repairs. Even such laundries are having a difficult time. Speaking from our own experience, we have put up our prices by less than 5 per cent. since 1947, and until recently were able to meet increased costs by greater efficiency. In the last year, however, costs have risen at a faster rate than ever, and the individual customer has reduced the amount and frequency of laundry sent by about 15 per cent. We have overcome this temporarily by taking on customers from laundries who have closed down and by obtaining contracts, but unless the spending power of the housewife increases, we shall in the long run have to improve our production methods radically or close down.

Mr. MacKenzie asks: "What could be better than a launderette washing 8lb. of clothes for 2s. 6d. or 3s?" Laundries have for years provided a Bagwash Service which washes 17lb. for a little over 3s., with a collection and delivery service thrown in. This service has been used by working-class people, but has never taken on with the middle class, who have in the past been the main support of the fully finished laundry. Do people just not know about Bagwash—or is it some curious form of snobbishness? We would be very happy to provide a version of a dried bagwash suitable for the middle class, if there was a demand.

I cannot see that the rate-subsidised municipal laundry is a suitable ideal for the Labour Movement. A large minority of housewives will always find it more convenient or desirable to wash some or all of their clothes at home, and it seems unfair for them to have to support the rest. If some form of public control is considered necessary (and as a laundry director I would deprecate this), then something along the lines which, I believe, the Czechs tried in 1947 would be more practical. All laundries over a certain size would be nationalised. In this country such units could provide either a cheap machine finish or fluff-dried service. If the benefits of large-scale production were combined with the zoning of transport, it should be possible for these laundries to pay their way, and provide a service which everyone could afford. To maintain competition and efficiency it would be desirable to leave three or four laundries serving the same district. Those who wanted a service that catered for their individual needs, i.e., starching shirt cuffs or polishing both sides of a pillow slip, could then use the smaller laundry in private hands. ROGER FRANKENBURG

The Woodstock Laundry,
Acton, W.3.

MARKET GARDENS

SIR,—Miss Castle may congratulate herself on having provoked a constructive discussion of a tricky subject: she can scarcely congratulate herself on her economics.

I quote: "One of the best ways of making foreign exchange scarce is to prevent our customers overseas from selling us produce (mainly food) which they can supply cheaply, and so acquiring sterling to buy our exports. This country must export to live . . ." Not for the first time do I perceive this particular cart hauling this particular horse.

So if the Dutch offer us tomatoes rather cheap, we ought to buy them, lest otherwise we find ourselves unable to get rid of some typewriters. Is that it? If Czechoslovakia wants to get rid of a glut of cherries just before our own cherry season begins, we ought to take them gladly, otherwise we might not be able to dispose of all those shining motor cars piling up that nobody seems to want. Is that it? And if the U.S.A. have more apples than they know how to consume in their home market, we should buy them, otherwise we shall be stuck with that glut of coloured porcelain and all that whisky. Is that it?

It is true that we can grow tomatoes, cherries, and apples here, and an innocent might suppose that such things should be the cheaper for not having had to make a sea journey. He might even in his naive way argue that with a bit of encouragement our growers could so increase their production that we might be able to save the odd typewriter, tea-set and bottle of Scotch for the home market—even, perhaps, a motor car or two—and so help to combat inflation.

I leave it to Miss Castle to refute him.

Orchard Cottage, S. H. J. COX
Mystok Park, Canterbury.

SOIL AND SOCIALISM

SIR,—Mr. Sargeant's letter in your issue of January 5 is a crusted example of the weight of standardised prejudice with which the peasant issue has to contend. The peasant was not "outmoded"; he was forced off the land by the economic policy of commercialising it and cashing in on its fertility. Nor is he necessarily a subsistence farmer only. I know of one who might be called the pioneer of a contemporary peasantry, who farms seven acres in East Anglia. On these he grows kale and other fodder crops, wheat, barley, maize, oats, peas, sprouts, grass and sugar beet on a carefully planned rotation which takes into account the three different types of soil

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on his holding. He also maintains from it a biggish poultry flock and a number of pigs and this year he is planting a small orchard. His tiny farm is designed to feed his family, to sell a proportion of cash crops and to increase its fertility by composting the pig and poultry manure with the waste residues of his crops. Not a yard of land is wasted and the pattern of interaction is all thought out beforehand. He knows the texture and composition of his soils as a good craftsman understands the nature and capacity of his raw material. At the same time, he is an educated man who does some writing in his spare time. His small machines are subordinated to his land's needs.

Compare this miniature holding with an equivalent seven acres on the average commercialised farm. The difference both in productivity and fertility is enormous. Should not the State give every encouragement to fostering the economic security of such men but also, because they are very few, to multiplying them? Mr. Sargeant assumes that the grotesquely swollen populations of the big towns are of the order of immutable nature. What they actually represent is an inverted pyramid. An empty and shrinking countryside over against a dropsical urbanism with falling imports and hunger in the wings—that is the real position.

Long Crendon. H. J. MASSINGHAM

DIVIDE AND RULE

SIR,—A Bill is now before the Kenya Legislative Council to introduce separate electorates for Hindus and Muslims within the Indian community. It is feared by Indians in Kenya that the Kenya Government is seeking to rush through this Bill and place it on the Statute Book at once, in order to present the British Government with a *fait accompli*.

The *Hindustan Times* comments: "The object of this measure is clearly to divide the Indian community in this colony. At present, Indians have five seats in the Kenya Legislative Council—all elected under a joint electoral system. It has worked so harmoniously that though non-Muslims form an overwhelming majority, Muslims have been elected to two of these seats. British authorities in Kenya seem to be anxious to destroy this harmony and break up the unity of the Indian community by introducing the pernicious system of communalism."

The attitude of the Labour Government to this question was made plain by Mr. James Griffiths on May 31st last, when he specifically ruled out communal electorates for Indians. Every effort should be made to ensure that the present Government do not depart from that policy.

Artificially fostered communal differences did irreparable harm in India, it would be a tragedy if the British Government were to be a party to their extension to East Africa. R. L. LEONARD

Borough Road College, Isleworth.

THE HEALTH SERVICE

SIR,—I cannot see the point of Flavus' description of the free treatment he received under the Health Service. If he is a poor man he could have received exactly the same in the bad old days before it existed; if he is not a poor man he was taking up a bed desperately needed by those who cannot pay even the reduced fees that any reputable consultant will always arrange on the advice of any reputable general practitioner. The curious point that a millionaire or a Madagascan can now use without charge beds and services originally devoted to the destitute English is one cause of the present cynicism in the medical profession. (Another is the special exemption from Socialisation of the hospital most patronised by Socialist M.P.s, the Manor House.)

Flavus says that Socialisation is not likely to be reversed: I wonder if it ever will be completed. Complete Socialisation means a universal full-time salaried service; this means the official direction of the patient to a particular official doctor; this (unlike the free distribution of teeth and medicines) will not win friends and influence votes; consequently it is a move full of political danger.

The oldest jibe at surgeons is about the operation that is successful except for one detail: the death of the patient. The Health Service, as Flavus says, works: there is, however, the undeniable fact that it is completely bankrupt. I am frequently told that this is merely a teething trouble. The diagnosis of a lethal illness in a baby as teething trouble is one of the commonest mistakes of the incompetent doctor.

To avoid misconceptions, may I say that a grossly unfair system of payment has worked out very much to my pecuniary advantage, and that I think the Conservative scheme for socialising medicine was even worse than the Socialist one.

Harley Street, W.1. DENIS BROWNE

SIR,—While agreeing wholeheartedly with Flavus' praise for the medical side of the National Health Service I do not share his optimistic belief that other, less praiseworthy aspects of hospital administration will, "under criticism," be improved.

As a T.B. patient of some six months' standing at one of the "less glamorous" hospitals, a sanatorium within an hour's run of London, I have only a limited experience of the Service, but it appears to me that the chief obstacle to such improvement lies precisely in the lack of effective means of voicing criticism. Protests from patients about uneatable (not merely ill-cooked) food, or about deficiencies in those smaller amenities which make hospital life tolerable, rarely reach the ears of anyone higher in authority than the Sister. A letter to the Matron or Medical Director voicing these complaints is not favoured owing to the fear (probably groundless, but who can tell?) of victimisation. The natural feeling of helpless frustration in such circumstances is not lessened by the fact that no administration official ever seems to visit the wards for the purpose of dealing with complaints.

I would suggest two possible courses of action for alleviating this situation. The setting up, by the Ministry of (1) the mechanism whereby the patient can fearlessly voice his complaints, and (2) a system of regular, but unannounced, inspection of the non-medical services by Ministry inspectors.

Maidenhead. P. F. ONYON

THE INDEX

SIR,—I owe Miss Sackville-West an apology. I wanted some of her aubretia. I looked vainly for her index where I expected one—at the end of the text, where she has printed a useful appendix of nurserymen. I then tried for the plant before each of the essays which are reprinted as an addition to the book. I flagged too soon. The index is there, but at the beginning of the book, where one usually finds a table of contents. ELIZABETH MONROE

MUSICAL TAX

SIR,—Aylmer Vallance, in his article "London Scottish" (*N.S. & N.*, December 29, 1951), refers to the "iniquitous 66⅔ Purchase Tax" on all musical instruments. Apart from the underlying iniquity that culture and art should be thus taxed, it is surely most unfair to the 28,000 members of the Musicians' Union who can legitimately claim that these instruments are their tools of trade. Also most deserving of consideration are several thousand music students.

The tax is also payable on all accessories for musical instruments. For example, a set of four strings for 'cello may cost (including tax) as much as £5 and, moreover, they are likely to need frequent replacement owing to their fragile nature. Owners of new cars are far better off than musicians in this respect, for, though they have to pay tax on the whole car, replacements of spare parts and accessories are tax free. FRANK V. HAWKINS

9 Asmuns Hill,
Golders Green, N.W.11.

POETRY COMPETITION

SIR,—*Oasis*, a small poetry magazine published in Cambridge, is holding a poetry competition, and invites all those interested to enter. There will be thirteen prizes amounting to ten guineas. Poems submitted should be marked with a pseudonym; they should not have been previously published; and they should be less than forty-five lines. Each competitor may send up to six poems and his entries should be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Poems should be sent so as to reach me on or before January 22. G. ROUGHTON

Trinity College,
Cambridge.

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Books in General

THERE is criticism for writers and criticism for readers. I do not mean by the former that kind of criticism which pretends to tell a writer where he is right and where he is wrong: few writers, as Mr. E. M. Forster has said, have ever profited from that. In their time, two very different examples of criticism for writers are the obsessed books like D. H. Lawrence's *Studies in Classical American Literature*, or Trotskys' brilliant essays: they put a dramatic, exaggerating limelight on the writer's field, give his raw material a new topography which may be distorted but is likely to be stimulating. Mr. Edmund Wilson's *The Wound and the Bow* had something of this quality: it was a study in the morbid and non-literary sources of literature, in literature of the foetal stage before the will has brought it to order. But when we are not writers, when we become or are the general reader, we are in the milder situation of Mr. Crotchet of Peacock's novel, a man "who possessed the true northern art of making the most of his intellectual harlequin's jacket by keeping the best patches always bright and prominent." Mr. Crotchet did this by getting the "advanced guard" of the "march of intellect" down to stay with him at Weybridge (where, as a Scot, he was ignoring the pursuits proper to English country gentlemen) in order to get a few important questions settled once and for all before he died. Like him, what we want is decision.

Mr. Edmund Wilson perfectly fills this part in his new collection of reviews*, mainly taken from *The New Yorker* and *The New Republic* in the Forties. In this volume he is the two-thousand-word critic who has to write what he has to say personally, plainly and succinctly, and who depends on the accident of publication for his subjects. One week he may be bumping off the detective novel in a piece called *Who Cares Who Killed Roger Ackroyd?*; he may be admiring Evelyn Waugh the next, only to take some of it back when he reads *Brideshead Revisited*. He will jump from Dr. Johnson to the tough American novelists of the Thirties; from an attack on Kafka to praise of Firbank; from Max Beerbohm to Tolstoy, from Dorothy Parker to *Finnegan's Wake*; from diagnosing the private case of Edith Wharton after reading Percy Lubbock's book, to blowing up Miss Kay Boyle for a false novel about the Resistance. We shall not find in this collection the kind of research which made *The Wound and the Bow* an important addition to our knowledge of Dickens or Kipling, or *To the Finland Station* a major historical landmark; but these deliberate works of analysis and hard thought are behind him in support. They feed his mind with that terse authority and experience which make *Classics and Commercials* an example of what periodical criticism ought to be: the conversation of a decided man who is slightly infected with the misanthropy of wide reading. I have sometimes heard Mr. Wilson's prose described as grey and laborious, and there is indeed a general strain of over-deliberateness, a lack of grace in the American critics. But in this volume Mr. Wilson catches the talking voice of American criticism, of which one of his heroes, H. L. Mencken, was a master. It is personal, level, phlegmatic: it puts his cards on the table:

> Rising from a long submergence in the politics and literature of the 19th century, during which I read almost nothing that people were reading. . . .

It moves to a picturesque irony:

> The hero of a novel by Cain is an individual of mixed, unstable character who carries his precipice with him like Pascal—

and drops, if pungency is required, into the vernacular when the same hero goes in for "*One Thousand and One Night Adventures* of the screwy Pacific coast."

Dry and perfunctory as he is when his authority as a critic calls for these manners, Mr. Wilson's good sense, rather than sensibility, adapts itself to the masters. Peacock's work is like a

> fine sideboard display of flower-calyxed goblets all ready for the best wine—which you will have to buy from somebody else: something like Meredith or Shelley. In the meantime, however, Peacock can elicit from them a very pretty music by delicately moistening the rims and rubbing them with his fingers.

That is just and it is appropriately said.

Whatever Mr. Wilson may hold back in luminous sensibility—there is little reference to poetry in this book—he atones for by a tremendous advantage: he has one foot in life. He conceives literature as a form of action. His first step is to put down a number of facts about a book and its writer, to translate literature back to life, in order to see what its roots were in, before he turns to the flower. Unlike others who have been influenced by Marx and Freud he does not disapprove of the flower because of its root. He never forgets the primacy of the imagination; he rarely rebukes the private malady. He admires Evelyn Waugh's acidity if he despises his Catholicism. Firbank's decadence is not held against him—though, oddly, Mr. Wilson won't have the pusillanimous streak in Kafka—and if Aldous Huxley is criticised, it is chiefly because he has not created in his books the artist's habitable world. There is, it is true, that disillusion in Mr. Wilson—it was present in George Orwell too—which is common among writers of the middle-aged generation who have seen revolution turn into tyranny; but, in spite of this, the old resources of humanism are far from being exhausted. On the later Huxley, after pointing out that he is a better artist in the English setting of *Time Must Have a Stop* than in the American *After Many a Summer*, Mr. Wilson writes:

> One's objection to what at this point in his career can only be called the moral teaching of Huxley is not that it is not derived from real states of exaltation, but that these states of exaltation themselves imply an incomplete experience of the earthly possibilities of life. . . .

And a few pages later, we read

> We realise that his readiness to reject the world is due to his not knowing what is in it. That mixed and immature humanity which has been handled by the great artists and the great thinkers of his time—Huxley was not impressed by what they have been able to create from it because he had never had the full sense of what humanity was like and, hence, of what it might become.

Mr. Wilson grants his own insensibility to religion and he makes a rather bleak rationalist point when he asks, after Evelyn Waugh's *The Loved One*, why the mummery of Whispering Glades is more reprehensible than the elaborate Christian furnishing of an imaginary next world which can hardly be said to "face the fact" of death. If this were a matter of literary criticism, Mr. Wilson would be the first to inquire into the relative imaginative quality of these rites, and I wish he had pursued the subject. Whispering Glades sounds like a piece of Egypt revived rather than Christianity as a branch of the landscape-gardening business. Mr. Wilson is more acute when he discusses the religious themes handled by Auden and Eliot:

> But are such things as these religion? Are Baudelaire's angels religion? Aren't they rather the literary devices of uncomfortable rationalists who, disgusted by the dullness of democracy, the vulgarity of revolution, have resorted for protection against them to the mythology and animism of their childhood? When Baudelaire prayed to Poe (not remarkable for his Christian feeling and rather perfunctory about his faith) as he did in the last entry of his journal; when Eliot, Auden and Isherwood invoke the example of Baudelaire, they are appealing to a passion for literature which has managed to burn pure and intense through suffering and degradation. But what has this to do with the Christian cults for whose rites the churches are built and the parsons and priests ordained?

It is a good point. And one sees the indefatigable pragmatist in other essays, the one on Kafka, for example. There he attacks the metaphysical cult, seeks the human not the divine meanings, the self-irony not the allegory of man's relation with God; he speaks of Kafka's "rather meaching compliance, his boy-like respect and fear in the presence of things he would satirise . . ."

> "One must not cheat anybody," says Kafka, "not even the world of its triumph." But what are we writers here for, if it is not to cheat the world of its triumph? In Kafka's case, it was he who was cheated, and never lived to get his own back. What he has left us is the half-expressed gasp of a self-doubting soul trampled under. I do not see how one can possibly take him for either a great artist or a moral guide.

This may be true; but it seems to me that Mr. Wilson is judging a Jewish sensibility by standards which are inflexibly Christian. The catastrophic illness of Central Europe is reflected in Kafka; the masochist is a direct guide to the sadism of the concentration camps.

I have selected these passages to show the firmness and trenchancy of Mr. Wilson's mind. He knows what he thinks. He comes down like a ton of bricks on Mr. Maugham for saying Bergson is completely discarded; he cuts decisively into Sartre. But the pleasure of his reviews lies in his method as well as in his opinions. His brief biographical portraits, his descriptions of the plots and themes of the books he is dealing with, are animated. We are soon made to know a book even if we have not read it. The plots and characters of the Firbank novels are there. They are compared, before the critic brings out his brilliant comparison with Congreve and the playwrights of the Restoration—there have already been excellent essays on Gilbert and Peacock in the book—and Mr. Wilson is led on to make an interesting judgment on the strain in English comedy that

* *Classics and Commercials*. By EDMUND WILSON. *W. H. Allen*. 15s.

s poles apart from "the hearty and hilarious school".

> Polished and coldly reasoned and rarely admits any kind of idealism. It is occupied with worldly values and if it ever turns its attention to general ideas it makes a mock of them indiscriminately. . . . Distinguished, unscrupulous, hard: carved, gilded and decorative, planned logically and executed deliberately; of good quality, designed for long wear; intellectual but never intelligent;—no people could have developed it but the English.

At first sight Firbank hardly belongs to a world of such brutality and elegance but, in a characteristic social insight, Mr. Wilson points out that Firbank was dealing with a later and less lusty phase of the society of Congreve's time.

There are a good many essays on American writers. Mr. Wilson is very good on Faulkner's last book and he has gone into the tough writers of the Thirties who drive from Hemingway. Contemporary writers might envy America a critic who takes his task so seriously, and who does not allow writers to fade away through the fingers of taste and wit. The Americans here have the advantage of believing in the value of American self-consciousness and the American scene. One does not gather from Mr. Wilson that the condition of the writer in America is happier than it is in England; he notes the depressing fact that a large number of writers are now driven into teaching; the great movement which began between 1912-1916 was broken down in the Thirties. People ceased to be "writers," they became "intellectuals"; now the universities are training them or they are lost sheep. A profession has vanished. But I notice, as I come to the end of this essay, that the date is 1943. I wonder whether Mr. Wilson would add anything more to his statement to-day? I rather fancy that one who had grown up with *Ulysses* and *The Waste Land* would not.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THE AUTUMN MAENAD

Like a breast of bird held out in space,
Feathers richly marked to mirror leaves,
Autumn leans her veiled and brittle face,
An old strumpet at ease.

Trails a mist to earth and grieves for grace,
Neither birds nor bees embrace her trees,
Hills recede, these myths her life retrace,
Of that old maenad tease.

Bird of Paradise and man's solace,
Bleached and auburn hair her spirit weaves,
Known to all she stands and takes her place,
A pheasant rich to please.

LYNETTE ROBERTS

BALANCE SHEET

The dead men in their comfortable chairs
Before promotion crowned their smooth grey hairs
Complained a little and complaining bled
Internally to death; then got ahead.

But though the living still complain and say
That death is better and though every day
They re-write sorrow in a furnished room:
The dead, if they showed pity, would presume.

How many hours of exultation go
To make despairing poems who can know
But those who lie till dawn beside their dreams,
Learning how different "is" can be from "seems"?

ANTHONY CRONIN

SCIENTIFIC HISTORY

Hitler's Strategy. By F. H. HINSLEY. *Cambridge University Press.* 18*s.*

Hitler Directs His War. Edited by FELIX GILBERT. *Oxford University Press.* 20*s.*

Marshal Without Glory. By EWAN BUTLER and GORDON YOUNG. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 15*s.*

The more I see of the inside of politics, the more dubious I become of the claim that history can be a science. What, for instance, was the cause of Aneurin Bevan's resignation, and what the exact course of events in the days just before and after the 1951 Budget? Because I was fairly close to this particular crisis I know first that I shall never know; and secondly, that no scientific historian will discover the truth about it by studying "the documents." Before the telephone and the motor car, a political crisis was often documented in the written correspondence between the participants. Even this summary is usually not available to the contemporary historian. To-day, the most important decisions and clashes nearly always occur in the course of conversations, either direct or by telephone; and within a few hours a jungle of *ex post facto* explanations—in the form of "inside newspaper reports," personal explanations, and documents designed to rationalise the facts—are extruding any objective recollection of the events.

These reflections are stimulated by Mr. Hinsley's book, *Hitler's Strategy*. Mr. Hinsley is a Cambridge lecturer in history, and, quite legitimately, he has limited his theme to the *formulation* of the Führer's strategy, as distinct from its *execution*. But then he has gone further.

> I have set myself a second limitation by confining my use of evidence to contemporary documents as far as possible. I think it will be agreed that there is some merit in this approach if the documents can stand on their own, without the support of evidence which, however reliable, is less authentic.

It so happens that the German naval archives were captured in their entirety, and the minutes of those conferences in the *Führerhauptquartier*, which the naval C.-in-C. attended, have been published *in toto*. It is a great convenience for an academic historian to assume that this material is somehow more "authentic" than, for instance, the Goebbels Diaries. Mr. Hinsley observes that "the naval evidence is so complete that it ought to enable a balanced view to be taken." Surely this is absurd. A complete—but completely one-sided—record must give a one-sided view. In reconstructing Hitler's strategy, moreover, Mr. Hinsley gives far too much weight to the directives issued by his Headquarters. Anyone who has taken part in the framing of Supreme Command directives must realise that such documents are often carefully drafted so as to conceal disagreements and to evade issues. The historian who treats them as "authentic," in some mystical sense of that word, is an accomplice in the creation of a myth, as misleading as the economist's fallacy that statistics are somehow more fundamental than other factors which cannot be reduced to numerical form.

By a coincidence, this criticism of Mr. Hinsley's historical method is confirmed by another recently published book. The Nazis had a truly Germanic passion for recording the history they were convinced that they were making; and a staff of professional stenographers was kept at Hitler's Headquarters in order to make a verbatim report of his daily conference on the military situation. The untranscribed shorthand notes, which recorded every word spoken at the conferences between December, 1942, and the 25th of March, 1945, covered 200,000 pages. Of this vast mass 800 charred fragments survive. By sheer good fortune they include the report of the conference on the day after the news that Stalingrad had fallen, of that after Mussolini's arrest by Badoglio, and of portions of conferences shortly after the *Putsch* of July 20th, 1944. Selections, admirably edited and annotated by Felix Gilbert, have now been published under the title *Hitler Directs His War*. This little book, unassuming, unadorned and intensely dramatic, illuminates the formulation of Hitler's strategy more vividly than all Mr. Hinsley's scholarly analysis of written directives. We can listen to Hitler, Jodl, Zeitzler and the rest, talking to each other "off the record," before they have had time to think out the poses they would like to adopt "on the record," and before they have falsified the facts by composing the official documents for the benefit of historians. Here, for instance, is part of the conversation which began at 12.17 p.m. on February 1st, 1943, a few hours after the Soviet communiqué announcing the annihilation of von Paulus's army:—

> HITLER: When you consider that a woman has the pride to leave, to lock herself in, and to shoot herself right away just because she has heard a few insulting remarks, then I can't have any respect for a soldier who is afraid of that and prefers to go into captivity. . . .
>
> ZEITZLER (Chief of Staff): I can't understand it either. I'm still of the opinion that it might not be true; perhaps he is lying there badly wounded.
>
> HITLER: No, it is true. . . . They'll be brought to Moscow, to the GPU right away, and they'll blurt out orders for the northern pocket to surrender too. . . . But I had my doubts before. That was at the moment when I received the report that he was asking what he should do. How can he even ask about such a thing? From now on, every time a fortress is besieged and the commandant is called on to surrender, he is going to ask: "What shall I do now?" . . .
>
> ZEITZLER: There is no excuse. When his nerves threaten to break down, then he must kill himself.
>
> HITLER: When the nerves break down, there is nothing left but to admit that one can't handle the situation and to shoot oneself. . . . In this war, no more field-marshals will be made. All that will be done only after the conclusion of the war. I won't go on counting my chickens before they are hatched.
>
> ZEITZLER: We were so completely sure how it would end, that granting him a final satisfaction—
>
> HITLER: We had to assume that it would end heroically.
>
> ZEITZLER: How could one imagine anything else?
>
> HITLER: . . . If such things can happen, I really must say that any soldier who risks his life again and again is an idiot. Now if a little guy is overwhelmed, I can understand it.

The unique value of *Hitler Directs the War* does not mean that *Hitler's Strategy* is worthless. Mr. Hinsley has produced a historical curiosity, a gorgeous example of the *als ob*. His book is an extrapolation of what might have been true if only the naval archives had contained all the relevant information. Though it is not true, it will satisfy our British sense of pride.

If Mr. Hinsley has gone down in the academic Charybdis, Messrs. Butler and Young are victims of the journalist's Scylla. *Marshal Without Glory* is a much better balanced biography of Hermann Goering than that recently knocked together by Willi Frischauer; but it does not rise above the level of a compilation. To judge from their brief bibliography, its authors have mainly relied on secondary sources, and where some new information is given (as, for instance, on page 182, where we are told that Goering was intriguing with Witzleben just before the Munich agreement), the source is not stated. *Marshal Without Glory* falls between two stools. It is too detailed for the ordinary reader and too little documented for the serious student, who already knows the story of the Nazis' rise to power and the anecdotes of Goering's life.

I must admit that I do not see how anyone can easily escape from this dilemma, particularly in dealing with recent German history. The biographer of Goering, for instance, must take for granted innumerable "facts," which are not facts at all, but part of a Nazi or anti-Nazi myth. Despite all our vast apparatus of historical research, he can hardly be more scientific than Plutarch. Then why not follow Plutarch's example and edify us by telling the story really well, instead of smothering the reader in a featherbed of journalistic history?

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

TOWARDS THE STUDY OF YEATS

A Bibliography of the Writings of W. B. Yeats. By ALLAN WADE. *Hart-Davis.* 63*s.*

This massive and admirable work is the first important piece of critical apparatus for the study of Yeats that has been produced since his death. It is divided into five main parts. The first consists of a catalogue of Yeats's books; the second, with three subdivisions, of books and periodicals edited by him, books with a preface or introduction by him, and books containing contributions by him, including letters. The third section is a catalogue of contributions to periodicals; the fourth, in two sections, translations into other languages; the fifth, translations into Japanese. There are two appendices, one on the Dun Emer and Cuala Presses, the other containing a list of the main books on Yeats and his work.

The labour involved in such a bibliography is immense; so far as a random check among miscellaneous editions has been possible for the purposes of this review, the detail is scrupulously accurate. Mr. Wade's work has, of course, superseded the work of W. M. Roth, on which previously scholars have had to work. In his Part III, *Contributions to Periodicals*, Mr. Wade sometimes reproduces unreprinted notes which accompanied the poems on their earliest publications. His practice in this does not appear quite consistent, for there are many interesting notes which accompanied the first publications of other poems and which are not recorded. Such a one, for example, is Yeats's own description of the genesis of *Leda and the Swan*. It is of sufficient interest in relation to Yeats's thought in 1923 to quote:

> I wrote *Leda and the Swan* because the editors of a political review asked for a poem. I thought, "After the individualist, demagogic movement, founded by Hobbes and popularised by the Encyclopædists and the French Revolution, we have a soil so exhausted that it cannot grow the crop again for centuries." Then I thought "Nothing is now possible but some movement from above preceded by some *violent* annunciation." My fancy began to play with *Leda and the Swan* for metaphor, and I began the poem; but as I wrote bird and lady took such possession of the scene that all politics went out of it, and my friend tells me that his conservative readers would misunderstand the poem.

Mr. Wade reproduces a proof of *Crazy Jane and the Bishop* corrected in Yeats's hand, to remind us of the need for a prolonged and detailed study of the texts. Before that can be approached, we require an edition showing the variant reading in successive drafts, and this, by Allt and Alspach, is in an advanced stage. Out of that will come, one day, a Variorum Edition, to show the "stitching and unstitching" of the inveterate reviser. Perhaps such an edition will include a kind of prolegomena to the study of each poem, showing its provenance and critical notes; together with a system of cross-references to the prose, plays and letters. Any systematic study of Yeats, as of Donne or Milton, must comprehend the whole of his work.

Other apparatus is wanted urgently: in particular the critical edition of Yeats's Letters, which Mr. Wade has in hand. The Collected Edition of the Plays is long overdue; and a critical collection of the prose, which has not, I think, been adequately studied, must be made. In all these activities Mr. Wade's book will be indispensable.

The book evokes some curious thoughts. That the Japanese should find Yeats attractive is understandable, though he is not immediately recognisable as IEITSU. *Sull'acque tenebrose* must have delighted him by its euphony as a translation of *The Shadowy Waters*, so much more satisfactory than *De mörka vattnen* from Stockholm. It would be interesting to see how Roger Giroux has rendered *L'Œuf de Héron* into French. And it is astonishing to see the quantity and range of Yeats's contributions to periodicals, particularly during the years 1892-1905. I do not think that these reviews, letters and articles have ever been adequately studied in relation to Yeats's thought, and it is more than probable that they contain clues to his general reading at a receptive period. For these lists, and for the bibliography as a whole, all subsequent scholars will be indebted to Mr. Wade. T. R. HENN

WYNDHAM LEWIS THE ARTIST

The Art of Wyndham Lewis. By C. HANDLEY-READ. *Faber.* 42*s.*

The wrapper reminds us that this is the first monograph to appear on Wyndham Lewis. If he were French, Mr. Lewis, who is now 67, would doubtless be counting the illustrated treatises and books about his painting on the fingers of both hands. Being English he has had to wait: even *The Penguin Modern Painters* managed to leave him out. However, now that it is here, the present volume does its best to make amends for past neglect and sets a high standard in every respect except that of colour reproduction. On the other hand the forty-eight large monochrome reproductions read very well: detail is clear and sharp and tonal values are not unduly distorted. One can brood over them. This is due in part, of course, to the fact that Mr. Lewis's canvases —and still more his drawings—are peculiarly susceptible of photographic treatment: the camera easily records those sharp oppositions of tone in contiguous forms, that endless juxtaposition of dark and light forms (or light and dark segments within a single form) which is such an important characteristic of Mr. Lewis's pictorial expression. With the monochrome plate sharp contrasts register; subtle changes of tone or colour within the flat area of a painted shape, often do not. Mr. Lewis's forms register in reproduction precisely because he is never so concerned with the colour or expressive tone of the area enclosed within the mass of a form as he is with its edges. These often darken to near-black, if the shapes they enclose are darker than

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the areas they exclude: conversely, the edges (so often knife-sharp) of a form whose mass is slightly higher in tone than adjacent shapes or areas will be heightened to near-white.

All this is a clear indication that Mr. Lewis's whole approach (to form, to composition, to design—and "composition" is design in depth) is that of linear drawing—the lines of the *outlines* of forms predominating. Not all drawing is linear, of course; volume and even profile may be expressed without recourse to an outlining line; indeed, volume is most precisely indicated by a species of scribble. But for Mr. Lewis it is outline, alternating rhythmically between concave and convex, which provides him with the method by which forms, either related or in isolation, are evoked. What sense of mass there is is conveyed by the sharp edges of a form rather than by its "infilling," to use Mr. Handley-Read's word. "Infilling" is invariably less expressive than silhouette in Mr. Lewis's work: the middles of his shapes often lack thrust or direction, are dead in texture and neutral in tone. But their fringes, their *drawn* edges are, on the other hand, always expressive. They gesticulate. And in this Mr. Lewis is the opposite of a Cubist: the Cubist begins with the "infilling"—the sensation of a plane—and proceeds outwards, to find the outline: Mr. Lewis finds the outline first. Indeed, he finds it too soon.

One result of this procedure is to weaken the plastic reality of the subject. In Mr. Lewis's work there is a dichotomy: a linear grid of brilliantly effective drawing sits on the surface (of canvas or paper); and then, *through* this grid, we perceive the solid subject. But the two are not perfectly identified. The surface design is expressive, exciting; yet the subject at the back of it is ordinary, almost naturalistic. This suggests that Mr. Lewis designs better on the flat than three-dimensionally. And it leads to the feeling that too much is stylisation—rather than re-creation. We feel that too often his shapes are shapes imposed upon, rather than emerging out of, the subject the painter has contemplated. This is perhaps confirmed by some words of Mr. Lewis's describing his approach to the human figure in painting, which Mr. Handley-Read quotes: "Burying Euclid deep in the living flesh." Of Picasso or Braque (and still more of Cézanne) one would have to speak of *extracting* Euclid from the living flesh; a process the opposite of Lewis's. Lewis does not really present us with the living flesh at all, of course; any more than he deals with the living air, or space. These things are translated into somewhat claustrophobic symbols evocative not of real space or actual forms but of a stylistic equivalent for them that is too stylised really to *be* an equivalent. In this there is an unlooked for similarity with Beardsley, of all people.

It is more than likely, however, that in thus criticising Wyndham Lewis from the standpoint of the plastic and the spatial I am overlooking quite different qualities which make this artist's style what it is. He himself declares, Mr. Handley-Read reminds us, that all artists are visionaries. "It is a statement one cannot possibly accept (Corot, Chardin, Velasquez, Constable visionaries? Turner, Goya, Münch, Picasso—perhaps. Only a handful, including Blake of Odilon Redon, are quite certainly visionaries). But it helps us to appreciate Wyndham Lewis. Mr. Eliot, in choosing the epithet "visual" to describe the kind of imagination Dante possessed, pointed out that "a modern painter of still life" has a different kind of "visual imagination" from that he was attributing to Dante. The latter variety was the attribute of "those who saw visions." Wyndham Lewis may conceivably be one of these. Anyway, it is with precisely such questions as these that Mr. Handley-Read deals in his interesting essay. He is, it seems, one of the few critics who are capable of formal criticism: criticism, that is, of the structure of a picture. But at the same time he is concerned to present, in a scholarly manner, the history of his subject. And this is as well. An English painter who had arrived at the purely abstract as early as 1913 is a historic figure—an aspect of the matter which occupies Mr. Eric Newton in the introductory essay he contributes to this book.

PATRICK HERON

THE ATOM

The Challenge of Atomic Energy. By E. H. BURHOP, with the collaboration of JOHN HASTED. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 6s. 6d.

When President Truman told the world, early in 1950, that the United States would accelerate efforts to produce the hydrogen bomb—which would have, according to the scientists, an explosive effect 1,000 times greater than the Hiroshima bomb, or equal to twenty million tons of T.N.T.—Albert Einstein pointed out quietly that there "emerges, more and more distinctly, the spectre of general annihilation." We do not know whether or not the United States has yet produced the hydrogen bomb. But we have the authority of Mr. McCloy, now American High Commissioner in Germany, for believing that "given the same intensive effort which was employed during the war towards the production of that bomb, we were within two years' time at the close of the war of a bomb of the hydrogen-helium type." And we in Britain also know, thanks largely to Mr. Churchill, that American bombers based in these islands are intended to carry atom bombs. We know furthermore that the Soviet Union has atom bombs, and would presumably not hesitate to use them in retaliation. In the event of war, more and more distinctly, there emerges the spectre of particular annihilation for these islands.

In these circumstances, any sensible and factual account of the implications of atomic energy is bound to be useful. Dr. Burhop's short book, which is both sensible and factual, is very useful indeed. He writes with a strong bias against any form of atomic warfare, which will put him among the vast majority of people. He writes also in the conviction that it is the United States and not the Soviet Union which has obstructed, and obstructs, an effective abolition of atomic weapons and control against their manufacture. If this second attitude will not also place him among the majority of people, this is perhaps less because a majority of people here is willing nowadays to believe evil more easily of the Russians than the Americans, than because the majority of people simply does not know the facts of the matter. In the first twenty people you might stop in the street, how many would be able to tell you what the Baruch Plan was, or in what the Soviet proposals for control and inspection consisted?

As it is, Dr. Burhop sticks to the facts, and the facts are appalling. None of his facts, I think, is new: but no such orderly, comprehensive, and calmly presented description of the controlling factors in atomic energy, and their implications, has appeared in simple form since Professor Blackett's book three years ago—and three years is a long time in a world moving as fast as ours, and as fast towards perdition. He describes the main steps in producing nuclear energy with a success which I can only describe, speaking for one reader, as almost miraculous: for some hours after reading this short chapter, I really felt that I understood the thing. And I really began to see—what counted a good deal more—the "vast and exciting vistas for peaceful and constructive applications" that apparently exist, and some of which Dr. Burhop briefly describes.

Professor Pryce, it seems, has calculated that the whole of Britain's contemporary requirements in electrical energy could be produced by 600 tons of uranium. He also estimates that the available world resources of high-grade uranium ore amount only to 10,000 tons. These are being mined at the rate of 1,000 tons a year. As far as uranium ore in the non-Soviet world is concerned, about ninety per cent. is at present going to the United States; and practically all of this is being used to produce instruments of military destruction. So far, according to Dr. Burhop's figures (and I suspect he is very careful about his figures), the United States has spent about 4,000 million dollars on the development of atomic energy: of this sum, no more than 80 million dollars will have gone to experimental reactors for possible civilian use, when these reactors are completed in some three or four years' time. "In other words, considerably less than 2 per cent. of all the effort in the atomic energy field in the United States is devoted specifically to peaceful industrial uses." And the world's resources of high-grade ore, meanwhile, are being used up at the rate (if Professor Pryce is right, and Dr. Burhop thinks he is) of one-tenth a year.

What happened to the towns of Hiroshima and Nagasaki is reasonably well known, though it is not likely that many of us understand the full horror of it—that the mutative effects of gamma radiation, for instance, may be transferred to human reproductive organs through many generations in the form of monstrous children. More to the point, perhaps, is Dr. Burhop's demonstration that effective civil defence against atomic bombing in these islands is impossible. People who think themselves justified in preaching the contrary might do well to read this book and look thereafter into their consciences.

BASIL DAVIDSON

ATTICS OF THE MIND

The Age of the Dragon: Poems 1930-1951. By JOHN LEHMANN. *Longmans.* 12s. 6d.

The Naked Mountain. By PETER LEYLAND. *Heinemann.* 8s. 6d.

Exile and Other Poems. By LESLIE PAUL. *Caravel Press.* 30s.

Beauty and Richness. By GEORGE MOOR. *William MacLellan.* 3s. 6d.

In her famous *Letter to a Young Poet* of 1932, Virginia Woolf quoted, among other things, some early lines of Mr. Lehmann's:

> To penetrate that room is my desire,
> The extreme attic of the mind, that lies
> Just beyond the last bend in the corridor,

and commented tartly that in this sort of writing the poet's only subject is the self and, moreover, "a self that sits alone in the room at night with the blinds drawn." The young poets of the Thirties certainly seem to have taken her hint and thereafter to have gone out for "the actual, the colloquial" in a big way. But it is interesting that in one of his most recent and successful poems, *The House*, Mr. Lehmann recurs, if not to his private theme, at least to his retrospective imagery:

> It is strange to catch
> So hollowly a glimpse of patterned walls
> Stained with our abseat lives,

and it is also interesting that Mrs. Woolf, of all people, should have provided such a sturdy and lasting stick to beat modern poetry with. For, in some circles, her complaints have become common form. For Mr. Leslie Paul, modern poetry is marred by "cerebration and rhetoric" (by which he does not, I take it, mean exactly "thought and art") and by "emotional constipation" (of which the exact contrary, to be sure, would be something even more unpleasant). For Mr. Leyland, modern poetry, in so far as it is influenced by Donne, has, in the words of Burke, "the contortions of the Sybil, without the inspiration." Was Mrs. Woolf also among the lowbrows? Or do such remarks reflect something deeper and more respectable than a desire for poetry that the reader does not have to take too much pains with?

In fact, if a writer like Mr. Lehmann is not clear enough for the common reader, I wonder who is. Even where his subject is an effort at self-transcendence, as in these lines quoted by Mrs. Woolf—and I would say this is a traditionally valid subject—he is at least perfectly explicit in his language. And when he takes one of the great traditional commonplaces of poetry, like death and what comes after it, he has, at his best, all the sturdy and elegant stoicism of the eighteenth century. What an admirable stanza is this:

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The Journal of the Royal Institute of Philosophy

Edited by Sidney E. Hooper

Contents for January 1952 (Vol. XXVII No. 100)

I SOME ELEMENTARY REFLEXIONS ON SENSE-PERCEPTION. Professor C. D. Broad.
II THE NATURE OF AESTHETIC EXPERIENCE. The Earl of Listowel, P.C., Ph.D.
III THE ONTOLOGICAL ARGUMENT OF ST. ANSELM. S. A. Grave, M.A.
IV PSYCHIATRIC PROLEGOMENA: A PLEA FOR THE HELP OF PHILOSOPHY (Part II). Harold Palmer, M.D.
V A CRITICISM OF PRESENT-DAY PHYSICS. Viscount Samuel.
VI A REALISM FOR RECONCILIATION. Kenneth Henderson, M.A., B.Litt.
VII PHILOSOPHICAL SURVEY: PHILOSOPHY IN FRANCE.
VIII DISCUSSION:
(1) ACTION AT A DISTANCE.
(2) ON THE STATE OF MODERN PHILOSOPHY.
IX NEW BOOKS.
X INSTITUTE NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

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Millions have trusted what the legends tell:
The dead live on, their spirits freed from cares
Beyond our time and skies their praises sing
Throned in pure light or deep in asphodel;
But never witness has returned, who bears
One trophy blossom from that deathless spring,
One sublime phrase of those Elysian airs.

That stanza shows some of the special characteristics of Mr. Lehmann's diction, that set him rather apart from other poets of the Thirties. He is admirably lucid and natural, without ever being, properly speaking, colloquial. His language, without any sort of affectation, is conscious of the dignity of literature. His surface is composed, and one does not feel underneath it a tug between Christianity and Marxism, or a turbid upsurging of Freudian images. The attitudes that control his verse are moderate and sensitive, humanely sad without being desperate, aware both of permanence and decay. This composure does not lend itself to striking individual lines and images (such a felicity as that "trophy blossom" needs its context if we are to feel its full impact) and it may seem sometimes to gloss over the anxieties that gnaw us; as if everything could be modulated to a pious, reasonable regret. Yet a self-control of this sort, combined, as it is in Mr. Lehmann's work, with the sort of sensitivity which might so easily destroy self-control, is a rare and desirable thing. These are civilised poems, and not in the sense in which "civilised" is sometimes taken to imply "smug, trivial, well-fed."

I think young poets should perhaps not write prefaces to their first volumes. Mr. Leyland talks about Homer, and Dante, and Einstein, and Milton, and then gives us verses, like this about a cat:

Nuzzling delightedly,
Cheek, ear and nose
Cold on my warm hand,
Your eyes of soft amber
With pleasure half-close.

Mr. Leyland can end a poem on an extraordinary flat line:

And the horror/of the world/of Lear,

and in blank verse piles up epithets:

And man,
This laughing thing, improvident and reckless,
Sinful, and laughing through his sins. . . .

Readers who seek in verse for a kind of powerful condensation of experience will not find it here: the statements are vigorous if diffuse, but one always seems to know what Mr. Leyland is going to say next. Mr. Leyland's work, at least, is not excessively derivative, as in different ways Mr. Paul's and Mr. Moor's seem to me to be. Here is a passage from Mr. Paul:

Men and women, blackened trunks
With moistly smouldering faces
Of damp paper
Are like gusts of sodden leaves
This way flung and that
By hurtling trams.

Pure early Eliot, surely (the Eliot of *Preludes*), except for the startling infelicity of making the men and women who by metaphor are tree-trunks, by simile detached leaves. Mr. Paul, too, piles up epithets:

The fluid battalions which traffic unseen
The brilliant thoughtless streets of life!

and on the whole his book strikes me as that of a fairly sensitive and certainly widely read man, who knows the effects he likes in poetry but cannot quite, though he tries hard, bring them off himself. Mr. Moor is a much more sophisticated writer, but I am not wrong, I think, in finding something factitious about the breezy and knowing synthesis (Hopkins-cum-Auden) of such lines as these, about Thomas Carlyle:

Poor Tom! Dear ding-it-downright tempered Tom,
Busheyebrowed, glowering, peppering reviews.
He landed in their tea-cup like a bomb,
The dilettantes and soft gushing muse. . . .

The fact is that, on the whole, it is Auden's genius that carries off his mannerisms, rather than the other way round: insight disguised as platitude gains a certain force, but platitude disguised as platitude gets us nowhere:

Time's loud magnificent occasions over
Become a mute experience, a thin
Report of an event. . . .

For habit's the extraordinary made
The everyday. . . .

We knew it, we knew it! And one turns back from all these three poets to Mr. Lehmann, for passages on which the mind can profitably linger. Perhaps, after all, there *is* a stage at which the poet should pull down the blinds, put on the light, and explore the self's ancestral attics, if he wants us to listen to him with pleasure later, when he talks about a wider world. G. S. FRASER

THOMAS MANN

The Stature of Thomas Mann. Edited by CHARLES NEIDER. *Peter Owen.* 21*s.*

Some years ago, I was at a PEN Club Congress in Switzerland, attended by Thomas Mann. It was difficult not to notice the antipathy which our Swiss colleagues seemed to feel for the great German writer. This was so striking that one day I asked a Swiss professor why he disliked Mann so much. "Thomas Mann is so great," he replied, without apparent irony. "In Switzerland we do not like that. We already have our mountains."

The Stature of Thomas Mann is an attempt by a collection of writers, conscientiously acting up to their role of self-conscious dwarfs, to measure the greatness of this literary Mount Everest. It begins with a Toast by W. H. Auden in his *Ascent of F6* manner, to which there has been added a little embarrassed Henry James. "To whatever it is, then, that produces from mere child's play such a serious and necessary result, to the anonymous and sexless shadow that gives to our eternal artist a name," and so on.

There follows a section called *Personal* in which Tor Bonnier, Thomas Mann's publisher, his son-in-law, G. A. Borgese, his children, Klaus, Erica and Monica Mann, his brother, Heinrich, journalists, musicians, and other colleagues, pay their tributes. . . . The effect is like an awful party in which people jostle for precedence in humbling themselves.

All the same even the thin trickles of information which emerge from 100 pages of solemn chatter have their own peculiar value. From Borgese we collect four weakish German hexameters which Mann wrote for his daughter, Mrs. Borgese. From Klaus and Erica we get an idea of their father which manages to be at once awe-inspiring and unexpectedly human. Bruno Walter offers a disturbing account of Mann's lecture in the Beethoven Hall of Berlin in 1930, which was interrupted by the Nazis.

After the *Personal* Section, there follows one entitled, rather oddly, *Operatic*. It starts off forbiddingly with Robert Morss Lovett on *Buddenbrooks*: "Genealogical novels, represented by Thomas Mann's *Buddenbrooks*, must be distinguished from the simpler family novels such as *Clarissa Harlowe* or *The Newcomes*." And so Mr. Lovett pursues his way, heavily distinguishing between things that no one ever dreamed of muddling up. Then there are three essays on *Death in Venice*, by Bruno Frank, Ludwig Lewisohn and Vernon Venable. One begins to sympathise now with Mr. Lovett's passion for drawing distinctions: for Vernon Venable has a sentence which reads like a parody of American critical writing: "Orderly interest in contemporary spiritual and social problems and respect for the orthodoxies of syntax are virtues that have not been at an artistic premium." I wonder what is an "artistic premium." And so on—three essays on *The Magic Mountain*—for everything here is done in triplicate, it seems. After this, it is almost superfluous to be told in Mr. J. B. Priestley's contribution that *The Magic Mountain* is "one of the major achievements of modern fiction," and that it "has a strange symbolic quality." At this point the turgid flood of American and German pseudo-scholarship is interrupted by a passionate intervention from André Gide, written in 1938 at a moment when Mann had apparently become a Czech citizen (or so Gide thought). Gide's essay is in answer to a prophetic address by Mann entitled *Warning to Europe*. The warning is that, "The young today are ignorant of culture in its loftiest and profoundest sense. They refuse all self-discipline. They no longer know anything of the individual's responsibility and find all their conveniences in the collective life. The collective life, compared to the life of the individual, is the sphere of facility." Gide comments that this "flood of barbarity that Thomas Mann anxiously watches," has not yet broken over France. And yet he reflects with despair that in these thoughts "how can we fail to recognize the truth?" Among the more serious contributions, there is Thomas Mann himself on *The Joseph Novels*, and an excellent piece by Harry Levin on *Joseph the Provider*.

The most invigorating essay in the book is a comparison of Mann and Gide, by that most lively critic Kenneth Burke. Burke compares the preoccupation of Mann and that of Gide with abnormality. That Gide's conception of abnormality is somewhat one-track, perhaps makes us forget how parallel his preoccupation is with that of Mann who collects far more varied abnormalities. But, of course, the most complete contrast between the two writers is to be found by comparing *The Immoralist* with *Death In Venice*. Kenneth Burke concludes:

"Whereas in Mann we feel most the sense of resistance, of resignation to the point of distress, and Aschenbach's dissolution is matched by a constant straining after self-discipline, in Gide we hear a narrator who relates with more than pride, with something akin to positive advocacy, the unclean details of his life. 'Je vais vous parler longuement de mon corps,' he opens one chapter in a tone which I sometimes regret he has seen fit to drop from his later work."

One may not agree with Mr. Burke, but in his and Mr. Levin's essays a note of real discussion enters, and there is not just the creak of pious wreaths being unctuously carried.

In one of the wreaths, it is true, there is a most awful pin. In fact, it is more than a pin, a most carefully polished stiletto perhaps, laid sideways so that seeing only the flat of the blade, one might forget what a deadly instrument it is. This weapon is smuggled into the feast, under cover of many flowers, by none other than Professor Reinhold Niebuhr. He begins with lots of compliments and even refers to Thomas Mann as "a protagonist of the common element in the classical and Christian tradition," etc. And then we are brought up with a jerk by a paragraph which begins with the appalling heresy.

Thus while one may hail Thomas Mann as the most authentic voice of the 'true' Germany . . . one may be pardoned if one detects in Mann's spiritual history some clues to the pathos of Germany's genius. He protests eloquently against the degradation of Nazism. He sees it as a perversion of the romantic tradition in German culture. Yet he is himself deeply indebted to the romantic tradition

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Niebuhr goes on to say, "The futility of his later efforts is, at any rate, partly determined by the typical, rather than unique, character of his early position." In the sentence which follows Niebuhr goes on to define his own attitude as an "indictment of German culture." Then he brings out and rattles a dreadful skeleton in the Mann cupboard, his first-war *Reflections of a Non-political Man* whose romantic nationalist opinions all the other contributors have been at pains to whitewash—if you can cover over a skeleton by whitewashing it.

I do not really agree with Niebuhr's attack on Mann. Or, rather, I think it is open to the same charge—though in a different form—of showing the symptoms of Fascism as Niebuhr brings by implication against Mann. To say that the symptoms of romantic decay diagnosed by a great analytic writer are the disease itself, is an argument much loved by authoritarians—whether in Nazi Germany or Soviet Russia. Niebuhr, in indicting German culture slips over into the authoritarian camp, I might say, if I did not think that among civilised people such charges should not be made. And the point is that Thomas Mann, like Reinhold Niebuhr, is civilised. An immense gulf divides Mann's romanticism from the ravings of a Rosenberg, just as another gulf divides the authoritarianism of Niebuhr from that of a Hitler.

All the same, it is difficult not to enjoy Niebuhr's essay. That is the trouble about too much literary adulation. It produces such a stifling atmosphere, that disloyalty is applauded by some secret imp in all of us which agrees with the Swiss professor who thought that only the mountains should be quite so "great."

STEPHEN SPENDER

NEW NOVELS

The Troubled Air. By IRWIN SHAW. *Cape.* 15*s.*

Round the Rugged Rocks. By DAVID NIVEN. *Cresset Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Grandfather's House. By DUDLEY BARKER. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Troubled Air is the only "committed" novel among this week's fiction, and at first sight it seems to fulfil all the specifications laid down by M. Sartre in *What is Literature?* The theme of this long, well-written and demonstratively propagandist book is persecution, the effect of Un-American activity hysteria upon a group of men and women working in a sponsored radio programme. The story is seen through the eyes of Clement Archer, ex-history professor turned soap-opera director, a liberal man of good will in his middle forties. Archer is the typical guinea-pig of this type of American novel. A convenient symbol, he is anything the writer wants him to be, a sub-conscious masochistic He-Who-Gets-Slapped or the personified Jeffersonian conscience. At comedy level, he was the professor in *The Male Animal*, at two or three removes—I shall return to this comparison in a moment—he is Laskell in Lionel Trilling's *The Middle of the Journey*.

After a scurrilous magazine writer has attacked members of his programme for alleged pro-Red sympathies, Archer decides to conduct a private investigation. In an effort to safeguard his team, he sounds the accused men and women one by one. They include a Viennese composer, a Negro actor, a neurotic *ingênue*, a feather-brained character actress and Archer's best friend, Victor Herres. Most of them have had casual relations with the Party. One has signed a petition, another was a Party member for two months in the Thirties, a third joined as a result of a love affair with a dead airman. Mr. Shaw develops his story skilfully, allowing the tension to mount to a crisis which leaves Archer temporarily deprived of his livelihood, domestic happiness and self-respect. The crowning blow comes with the revelation that Herres, the one member of the cast whose opinions he has personally guaranteed, is a Communist leader who has used fifteen years' intimacy with Archer to wreck his friend's life. The Party line, Herres declares, must be saved at all costs. Archer, the muddle-headed liberal with no pressure group behind him, is expendable.

Mr. Shaw writes excellently in a kind of direct, close-cropped *New Yorker* prose. He holds the reader's interest and excitement for 460 pages and, although his characters are very much stage figures, they are so vividly drawn that they never lose our sympathy. The dialogue is crisp and wise-cracking and if virtuosity and verbal slickness occasionally overreach themselves, this is a fault which is so uncommon in the present-day novel that it has almost become a virtue. Why, then, does this book, in spite of its brilliance, fail to come off? Partly, I think, because of its cautionary tale flavour (This Might Happen to You!), partly because we feel that the motivation behind so many of the characters has not been fully explored. *The Troubled Air*, though "committed," casts no shadows. It lacks the obliquity of a great novel. For all his insight and imagination, Mr. Shaw is on the outside of political pathology and he has never discovered what makes men like Herres run. He has realised everything and everybody in his book so exactly that he has left himself with no indeterminate margin. And in a novel of this kind the indeterminate, what one might call the Jamesian, note, is essential. (Incidentally, how James would have relished the moral possibilities of Communism!)

Not that one need go as far as Henry James for a yardstick. *The Troubled Air* inevitably invites comparison with *The Middle of the Journey*, a book that will surely rank as one of the finest novels since the war. Mr. Trilling has one great advantage over Mr. Shaw. He is writing about Communist intellectuals and Mr. Shaw about actors, most of whom have only wandered dangerously near the Red periphery. An intellectual's involvement in a moral or political situation is bound to be more interesting than an actor's, but that alone would not make *The Middle of the Journey* a more interesting book. The point is that Trilling, since he is an intellectual himself, does not have to use his imagination to discover what it feels like to be caught up in this kind of contemporary dilemma. A moralist primarily, he knows that behind the dialectic and the personal betrayal there lies a masked will, whereas Mr. Shaw sees only benzedrine and slogans, sandwichmen on picket duty and vague anxiety about the H bomb. For this reason, he is denied any insight into the moral springs of action. He can make Herres no more than a slick bogy-man, a composite character who can be used to provide a highly effective twist in a well-told story but who otherwise has no psychological validity. One can feel for Archer with his sense of "private sweetness . . . giving way to public need," one can feel for his friends, but one has no feeling for Mr. Shaw's total human situation. There is no moment in this book comparable to that in Mr. Trilling's where Laskell suddenly sits down in the road and cries "for himself and his friends . . . for the pain of the time they all live in and for the time to come." Everything that is best in *The Troubled Air* stems from its non-political passages—Archer's luncheon with a Philadelphia business man, a proud mother watching her ineffectual son on a skating rink, a Scott Fitzgerald flashback to a college baseball game in the thirties. From these indications it is perhaps not too rash to predict that Mr. Shaw may one day write a domestic American tragedy.

Round the Rugged Rocks is a far funnier book—one can scarcely call it a novel—than most film stars would be capable of writing. Its hero, John Hamilton, is the distilled essence of all the screen ex-subalterns Mr. Niven has ever played and his terrier pup charm carries him through a series of absurd, picaresque adventures. They include escorting a prize bulldog across the Atlantic for a dog food firm, running an Indoor Horse Racing Association (Inc.) and playing the St. James's Street wine-taster in Manhattan. There is a generous ladling of Romance, the author has taken care of his fans by winding the book up in Hollywood and he has provided a farcical cast headed by a tweedy Edwardian named Oglethope. I suspect Mr. Niven of re-reading *Juan in America* before he wrote this book. Personally, I found it good Christmas entertainment.

Grandfather's House begins as an innocuous trifle about an American history tutor who revisits his family in England. It is largely set in Stratford-on-Avon and contains one genuine comic situation centred round a Baconian schoolmistress. It also contains a great deal of the most faked theatrical dialogue and behaviour that I have struck for a long time. I don't know whether Mr. Barker has ever met any stage people; if he has, he has failed to put the fruits of his observation into this book. His novel ends on a note of coy promiscuity which I cannot help feeling is symbolic of the disintegration of values that is now attacking middlebrow fiction.

JOHN RAYMOND

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

(*Concluded*)

Chamber Music and Piano. SCHUBERT: String Quintet, C major, Op. 163 (Hollywood Qt. with Kurt Reher (cello). *CTL 7011). This record is an answer to prayer. Since the Pro Arte set, which was not quite up to their best standard, there has been no other available recording of this, one of the most glorious and profound works in the whole range of chamber music. The new LP is played with great feeling and a perfect sense of ensemble; the recording is extremely good. KREUTZER: Grand Septet, E flat major, Op. 62 (Vienna Members of *Octet. *LXT 2628). Another double star. Conradin Kreutzer, now known only for an opera, *Die Nachtlager von Granada*, which was still performed in Germany before the war, would appear, on the strength of this Septet, to have been an accomplished composer of chamber music in the Viennese tradition. We are often reminded of the Schubert Octet, but there is a good deal of individuality throughout the work, which on the whole justifies its length. The performance and recording do all that is possible to recommend the piece. HANDEL:

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Company Meeting

MARTINS BANK LIMITED

CHAIRMAN'S STATEMENT

Mr. A. Harold Bibby, D.S.O., D.L., Chairman of Martins Bank Limited, in his statement to the shareholders, expresses himself as satisfied with the profit for the year which, slightly lower than a year ago, reflects larger tax demands, higher overheads, and more prudent reservations in the light of changing business conditions and gilt edged values.

Mr. Bibby appeals for wholehearted support for the Government's measures to deal with the unsound economic position. The Government have announced their programme to curb inflation by the restriction of credit and as an aid have invoked higher interest rates and have asked bankers to examine most carefully all applications for credit. He warns that credit, being in short supply, is to be used to the best national advantage and that while there may be some reorientation of trade yet it is not proposed that there should be disorganisation through withdrawal of banking facilities.

GREATER INDIVIDUAL EFFORT NEEDED

The Chairman, referring to the deteriorating £, states that the basic fact is that if everyone expects to receive £1 for 10s.-worth of work or goods it cannot be long before the £ becomes worth only 10s.: the only way to reverse the trend in his view is for everyone to contribute a higher degree of effort sufficiently large to leave a surplus after providing for rearmament.

Mr. Bibby likens the demands on the national purse to the rewards due to capital in an industrial company. Rearmament, like debenture interest, must receive priority of charge on income; the reward for the preference shares goes to improvement of equipment; any surplus goes to the ordinary shares, to provide the private and public spending reflected in our standard of living. In the Chairman's view, with emphasis on everyone pulling his weight, with incentives to do so, there should be good dividends for the ordinary shareholder in the allegory, thus providing for social security and the welfare state. All are agreed that incentives are the best method of urging humans to give of their best and Mr. Bibby considers that with the co-operation of the trade unions a simple scheme of proficiency bonuses could be given individually which would meet the aspirations of those who wished to better their circumstances by their own endeavours.

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Sonata No. 4, D major, violin and harpsichord (De Vito/Malcolm. DB 9696-7). This set is so well played and recorded that we need not regret the deletion of the Goldberg/Moore version. Whether you prefer piano or harpsichord is largely a matter of taste: George Malcolm's performance is in excellent style. BEETHOVEN: Sonata, C sharp minor, Op. 27, No. 2 ("Moonlight"); Sonata, A flat major, Op. 110 (Gulda. *LXT 2581). I cannot understand how this deplorable record came to be passed. Op. 110 (excellent in the SP version) is backed by a roar as of a heavy air-raid. In the "Moonlight" the planes seem to have retired—but to no great distance. The performance of the latter is good, but not outstanding except in the Finale, which seems to me the best record. The SP set has the same faults. SCARLATTI: Sonatas, A major (L.483) and A minor (L.239) (Horowitz. DB 21359). The acme of technical neatness, controlled by a sense of style which this pianist does not always show. This is one of the most satisfying piano recordings I have heard for a long time. LISZT: Sonata, B minor (Magaloff. *LX 3062). Nikita Magaloff's interpretation cannot compete with any of the other available versions of this sonata. His technique is adequate, but the performance is completely lacking in grandeur and intellectual grasp of the form, without which this complex work tends to seem over-long and shapeless. SCHUBERT: Impromptu, A flat major, Op. 90, No. 4 (Schnabel. DB 21351). A cleaner fingering of the semiquavers, and a more capable management of the chord triplets in the central section, give this record a definite advantage over Edwin Fischer's version, where, moreover, the pedalling in the first section cuts across the harmony. Recording pleasantly realistic. RAVEL: *Le Tombeau de Couperin* and *Sonatine*; Chabrier: *Idylle* and *Bourrée Fantasque* (K. Long. *LK 4043). The slight but attractive Sonatine has not been available for some time; Miss Long gives it all the care and affection we have come to expect of her as a pianist, though she misses out bar 3 of the Finale. The *Tombeau* (not otherwise available in full) is rather laboured and much too heavily pedalled The recording is very well managed. BACH: *Sheep may safely graze*; ARENSKY: Waltz from Suite No. 1 (Smith/Sellick. DX 1806). Only the glummest of sour-pusses could fail to respond to the sparkling prettiness of Arensky's clever trifle. It is wonderfully played. On the reverse is a calm and mellifluous transcription of this famous and lovely aria. Recording excellent.

Vocal. VERDI: *La Traviata*—Complete opera (Albanese/Peerce/Merrill/NBC Sym. Orch. and Chorus/Toscanini. DB 21360-72). With all its faults—and they are glaring—this set is greatly to be preferred to the Columbia issue which, though somewhat better recorded, is very tastelessly sung. I cannot pretend to care greatly for the style of the principals in the new set; but they all have their moments—particularly in the later scenes, though I kept on feeling that the conductor was driving them mercilessly forward, so that they could seldom do themselves justice. Toscanini secures a wonderful precision from the orchestra, and the chorus is spirited; but the recording is as dry as an old bone and never really clean. Nevertheless, as the record of a great conductor in a work of which he possesses the secret, this set is bound to give both pleasure and instruction. JOHANN STRAUSS: *Der Zigeunerbaron* (Zadek/Anday/Loose/Patzak/Poell/etc./Vienna Opera Chorus & Orch./Krauss. *LXT 2612-3). Though less beautifully sung than the LP *Fledermaus*, and rather less comfortably recorded, this is a refined and careful production, authentically sung and played. The spoken dialogue is omitted, but the cuts in the music are probably not much more extensive than is usual in a stage performance. The operetta is much inferior to *Fledermaus*, but contains a good share of delightful things. BEETHOVEN: *An die ferne Geliebte* (Fischer-Dieskau/Moore. DB 9681-2); SCHUBERT: *Der Erlkönig*; SCHUMANN: *Die beiden Grenadiere* (Ditto DB 21350). This young German baritone gives a most sensitive and tonally beautiful performance, superior to that of Gerhard Hüsch because more lyrical. The balance is excellent, but there is occasional blasting, probably because the singer was too near the microphone. In the *Erlkönig* I prefer Sönnerstedt (H.M.V.), partly because he achieves a more impulsive drive, partly because Gerald Moore plays the hair-raising accompaniment even more brilliantly than in the later record. In *Die beiden Grenadiere* the singer gives a truly heroic performance, clear as a bell in *ff*. WAGNER: *Tristan und Isolde*—King Mark's solos, Acts 2 & 3 (Weber. LX 8892-3). This intelligent coupling contains virtually the whole of King Mark's noble music. The passage from Act 2 will be especially welcome to the many listeners who have heard it only when already exhausted by the foregoing love duet. In Act 3 Elisabeth Schwarzkopf contributes the few lines allotted to Brangäne—a beautiful piece of singing. This is an altogether admirable issue. VERDI: *Aida*—"Celeste Aida"; *Cavalleria Rusticana*—"Mamma, quel vino" (Tucker. LX 1508). There is a dash and immediacy in the recitative preceding "Celeste Aida" that are most compelling and suggest that Richard Tucker is one of the best Verdi tenors of to-day. He has been much criticised for the soft repetition of "vicino al sol" at the end; but there is some reason to suppose that Verdi sanctioned this practice in cases where the singer could not manage the high B flat softly. Mr. Tucker gets all there is to be got out of Turiddu's final outburst. The recording is on the whole adequate, but there are some patches of coarse tone. ARCHIVE SERIES. A large number of records by famous singers of all periods has been reissued by H.M.V. under this title. The series contains many treasures, and if the choice at times seems a bit odd, that is because the records were originally ordered by collectors' clubs in America.

Note. I am holding over notices of the Grieg Concerto (Col) and the complete *Meistersinger* (Col) until I have had an opportunity to compare them with the LP issues already announced. Meanwhile I should add that the Columbia *Meistersinger*, in quality of both singing and recording, is enormously superior to the recent *Walküre*, Act 3. EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,142

Set by A. G. Rochelle

Prizes are offered for an extract or extracts from a Contemporary Manual of Witchcraft in verse or prose (maximum 10 lines verse or 150 words prose). Entries by January 22nd.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,139

Set by G. W. Stonier

We offer the usual prizes for the best True Confession (in not more than 150 words) of the Abominable Snowman.

Report by G. W. Stonier

First of all, let us admit that, with the last entry read, mystery still remains. The final explanation hasn't come to hand. Nobody will be able to write to *The Times* about it. But there have been strange and tantalising glimpses, any one of which (though not all) may be a fragment of truth. That readers may judge for themselves, I quote:

"My coat is made from skins of slothcat and dandlebear, for these animals we may hunt at leisure, and our strange footmitts we knit from the coarse hair of the hank. Up, up, I go, my footmitts leaving weird imprints in the snow . . ." (Doris Elles).

"Seventeen Russian families shared my bath. I decided to escape. It was easy to get into China: I posed as a member of a Peace Mission. I reached the Himalayas and decided to make it over Everest. But at 20,000 feet I was overtaken by a N.K.V.D. agent. He was more beast than man, 5ft. 6ins. in height, covered with red hair except for his face; with true Russian hardihood he had come after me in his bare feet. I managed to strangle him and cut off his feet, which I tied to the soles of my boots . . ." (Norman Klenman).

"I often think I might have been less 'abominable'

if I had not, at an early age, killed and eaten my tender young mother, having mistaken her for a lost traveller. A snowman, like everyone else, needs a mother's guidance . . ." (Nancy Gunter).

" I'm a typical snowman, Inspector. Used to run down the old country, emigrated, failed to make good, funked coming home, and slipped off the steamer at Colombo . . ." (A. C. Simmons).

While other communications, with some ring of authenticity, revealed a contemporary of Noah (now aged 4,300), Frankenstein still at large, an advertiser whose next set of tracks will reveal a popular marmalade, a gentleman who in 1911 cheated over the cards at White's, General MacArthur, Errol Flynn. None of these quite won my vote, which goes—after the most careful consideration—to Cyril Hughes, " Hamster," and Frank Dunnill. Their claims seem to me about equal, and they share the prize.

TRUE CONFESSION OF THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN

It is a long way from that blazing cellar under the Wilhelmstrasse to the Himalayan snows. I had faithful friends. . . . One, whose body was found, sacrificed himself for me. He shall be rewarded.

Nobody can imagine the hardships and dangers I have endured and overcome since then. I was in turn an inspecter of pigs on a Ukrainian collective farm, a barman in a café in Jerusalem, and a seller of carpets in Calcutta.

Amid these Aryan snows I have awaited The Day. It is said that I attack and kill people. This is a lie, spread by the lackeys of international finance and Jewry. I kill only lice.

I came here to await once again the call to lead Europe against the barbarian hordes of the East.

But my struggle is ended. The Western Powers have taken over my historic task from me. I have no more terrestrial ambitions. CYRIL HUGHES

Je suis un Ours.

Je ne suis pas un langur. Je n'aime pas les singes, qui ont des habitudes peu convenables.

Je parle français parceque c'est la langue de la diplomatie.

Je parle français assez bien pour un Ours.

Allo, Mesdames. Allo, Messieurs.

Je veux d'abord protester contre l'appelation " abominable." Je ne suis pas du tout abominable. Je suis un Ours vertueux et célibataire, parce qu'il n'y a pas d'autre Ours comme moi sur la montagne et je suis trop vieux pour les singeries d'adolescence.

J'ai attendu longtemps pour être découvrir par des montagnards, et je suis désappointé. Ils ne parlent pas le français aussi bien que moi qui n'est seulement qu'un Ours.

Je n'ai rien à confesser. J'ai été bon Ours. Je n'ai fait rien que m'asseoir comme le Penseur de Rodin dans les neiges éternelles, et de répéter des vers de Corneille et de Racine. HAMSTER

I realise now that I should never have accepted the fatal commission that brought me to my present pass and led the press to dub me the " Abominable Snowman " (a pseudonym I have never much cared for, by the way). But to a fellow just sent down from Oxford, Baroness X was irresistible. " Bring me Voronoff's secret," she commanded, " and I promise you a thousand unforgettable nights ! "

How, having obtained a trifling advance, I set off next morning; how after many adventures, I wrested the secret from the Dalai Lama (after an unmentionable orgy in a remote Lamasery) and escaped with his favourite neophyte and a flask of the gland-stimulating fluid; how, faced with starvation, I unavoidably devoured the one and drained the other . . . that is another story.

I will begin at the point when I found myself growing—quite literally—TOO BIG FOR MY BOOTS ! ! . . . . FRANK DUNNILL

CHESS: Battle of Hastings

No. 119

William, of course, had conquered Chess (battling fiercely with the Dauphin of France) before he set out to conquer these shores. It seems providential that he landed a mere arrow-shot or two from where, for half a century by now, the Mecca of British Chess is traditionally established. When I entered the White Rock Pavilion I remarked that, unlike at other seaside tournaments, here one could actually see and hear the sea. " Yes, isn't it awful ? " said my companion, a famous Continental master, properly indignant that so unnatural a noise as the roar of the ocean waves should compete with the ticking of chess-clocks or disturb the concentration needed to analyse an adjourned position. Here certainly lunch analysis paid good dividends. It seems quite amazing how Gligoric, a P down against Golombek, suddenly conjured a decisive attack out of thin air.

(36) B-KKt5	Kt-K1	(42) Q-Q4	P-B4
(37) Kt-Kt4	K-Kt1	(43) RxR ch	RxR
(38) Kt-R6 ch	BxKt	(44) R-K6 !	Kt-K5
(39) BxB	Kt-Q3	(45) BxKt	BPxB
(40) P-Q5 !	PxP	(46) Q-K5, etc.	
(41) R-QB1 !	Q-Q2		

Obviously (38) . . . K-B1 would have been countered by P-B5, but (37) . . . P-B3 might have saved the day. A game of some theoretical interest was taken off the Dutch master J. H. Donner by D. V. Hooper. Here is the beginning.

(1) P-Q4	Kt-KB3	(9) PxP !	B-R3
(2) P-QB4	P-K3	(10) PxP ch	KxP
(3) Kt-QB3	B-Kt5	(11) Q-Kt3 ch	K-K1
(4) P-K3	P-QKt3	(12) Kt-K6	Q-Q3
(5) Kt-K2	B-R3	(13) P-K4	B-QB1
(6) P-QR3	B-K2	(14) Kt-QKt5	Q-B3
(7) Kt-B4 !	P-Q4	(15) Kt (5)xP ch	K-Q2
(8) PxP	BxB	(16) P-Q5	

and won about a dozen moves later.

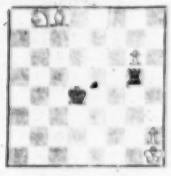
In the Premier Reserves this was one of several fine games won by Jonathan Penrose. (Black against the American D. E. Mayers.)

(1) P-Q4	Kt-KB3	(14) QxP	BxKt
(2) P-QB4	P-KKt3	(15) PxB	R-R4
(3) P-KKt3	B-Kt2	(16) P-B4	R-QB4
(4) B-Kt2	O-O	(17) Q-Kt7	Q-B3
(5) Kt-QB3	P-Q3	(18) R-B3	B-B1
(6) P-K4	P-K4	(19) Q-R7	Q-K2
(7) KKt-K2	PxP	(20) R-K3	R-QR4
(8) KtxP	Kt-B3	(21) Q-Kt8	B-R3
(9) KtxKt	PxKt	(22) Q-R7	BxP
(10) O-O	B-K3	(23) Q-Kt7	B-Q4
(11) Q-R4	Kt-Q2	(24) PxB	QxR ch
(12) B-K3	Kt-Kt3	(25) K-R1	RxP
(13) BxKt	RPxB	(26) R-KKt1	R(1)-R1
		(27) resigns	

A: A. Krämer 1951

In the same tournament Sämisch puzzled everybody by exceeding the time-limit again and again. Some of us had a long argument about it, and Gerald Abrahams found the *mot juste* : " a fanatical perfectionist ! " Sämisch indeed admits that he would much rather lose on time than sin against the spirit of Chess by failing to strive for what he feels to be the perfect position. By way of relaxation he showed us a delightful 4-mover by his friend Dr. Krämer, and since I can warrant that famous masters found it none too easy, it would hardly be overrated with 6 ladder-points. As for **B** and **C**—White to win in both—the one is a Russian classic, the other one by a more modern Soviet composer. I will rate them 6 and 7 points respectively.

B: A. Troitzky 1913



C: A. Gulyaev

Usual prizes. Entries by January 21.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set December 22

A: (1) P-Q4, P-Kt4, (2) P-Q5, P-Kt5, (3) PxP, etc.

B: Black's last move must have been P-KB4. Having taken the P e.p. White completes the move and mates.

C: There are 9 Black pawns. Whichever is removed White can mate in 1.

D: (1) P-Kt4 ch, PxP e.p., (2) RxR ch, K-Q4, (3) P-B4 ch, PxP e.p., (4) Q-Q7 ch, K-K4, (5) P-Q4 ch, PxP e.p., (6) R-K6 ch, K-B4, (7) P-K4 ch, PxP e.p., (8) Kt-K7 ch, K-Kt4, (9) P-R4 ch, PxP e.p., (10) R-Kt6 ch, K-R4, (11) P-Kt4 ch, PxP e.p., (12) Q-R3, RxQ, (13) RxR mate.

E: (1) P-R6, B-Kt8 ! (2) P-R7, P-R7, (3) P-R8 (Kt), P-R6, (4) Kt-Kt6, PxKt, (5) P-R7, P-Kt4, (6) P-B8 (Kt), P-Kt5, (7) Kt-Q6, PxKt, (8) P-K7, etc.

F: (1) R-Kt7, QxR (best), (2) BxP ch, KxB, (3) Q-KKt6 ch, KxKt (best), (4) Q-Kt4 ch, K-K4, (5) Q-R5 ch, R-B4, (6) P-B4 ch, BxP, (7) QxKt ch, BxQ, (8) R-K4 ch, PxR, (9) P-Q4 mate.

G: (1) P-Kt6, PxP (best), (2) K-Kt5, K-B1, (3) K-B5, K-K1, (4) K-K4, K-B1, (5) K-Q5, K-K2, (6) K-B5, K-B1, (7) K-Q6, K-B1, (8) K-Q7, K-Kt1, (9) K-K7, K-Kt2, (10) K-K6, P-R4, (11) K-Q5, P-R5, (12) K-K4, etc.

H: (1) P-R4, (2) K-K6, P-R5, (10) RxP, P-R6, (11) P-Kt7, K-Kt1, (12) K-Kt6 and mates in 2.

H1: (1) P-Kt3 ch, K-Kt5 ! (2) P-R7, B-K6 ch, (3) KxB, Q-QKt4, (4) Kt-K5 ch, QxKt, (5) B-R3 ch ! K-R4, (6) B-Kt4 ch, K-Kt3, (7) B-R5 ch ! K-R2, (8) B-Kt6 ch, K-Kt2, (9) B-R6 ch, etc.

Note how premature queening of the P invariably leads to stalemate.

From **A** to **F** a good many points were garnered. But even more competitors were stumped by **G** than by devilishly difficult **H**. A well-deserved 1st prize for D. E. Cohen, consolation prize for A. J. Roycroft who got nearest to the perfect score.

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—*The Tablet*

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

AUCKLAND University College, New Zealand. Applications are invited for appointment to a Junior Lectureship in Geography. The salary will be £575 per annum, rising to £675 per annum by annual increments of £50. The appointment will be for a period of four years. The Junior Lecturer will be expected to take up his duties on February 1, 1952, or as soon thereafter as may be arranged. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 3 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is January 31, 1952.

DARTFORD College of Physical Education, Dartford, Kent.—Applications are invited for the post of part-time Lecturer (woman) for the Social Studies Course comprising Social Economics, Principles and Machinery of Government, and Social Administration, which will become vacant in May, 1952. Applicants should be experienced Social Workers with university qualifications. Further particulars can be obtained from the Principal, to whom applications (no form) should be sent as soon as possible.

H.M. Prison and Borstal Service: Assistant Governors. The Civil Service Commission invite applications for pensionable posts of Assistant Governors Class II, at least 15 for men and 1 for a woman. Candidates must be at least 21 on January 1, 1952, and must be of sound general education, able to fill a position of responsibility, and with a genuine interest in difficult reformative work, either with adolescents or adults. Salary (London) for men £395 rising to £650, for women £365 rising to £525, rather less outside London. Starting pay: minimum linked to age 25 increased by one increment for each year over 25 up to 30. Pay for entrants of 30 or over: men £505; women £470. In addition free unfurnished accommodation or an allowance in lieu. Fuller particulars and application forms from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 116/52. A completed application forms must be returned by January 31, 1952.

TAVISTOCK Clinic, 2 Beaumont St., W.1. Applications invited for post of Clinical Psychologist, Adult Department. Honours Degree in Psychology, and two years' experience or postgraduate training in Clinical Work. Appointment for one year in first instance. Salary £500 p.a., subject to the publication of National Scales. Applications, giving qualifications, experience, and names of two referees, to Assistant Secretary within fourteen days.

SALOP County Council.—Applications are invited from persons possessing a Mental Health Certificate, which is recognised and approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers, for appointment to permanent and superannuable position of Psychiatric Social Worker. The salary, in accordance with the recommendations of the Joint Negotiating Committee (Hospital Staffs) will be within the scale £420 per annum, rising by annual increments of £20 to £580 per annum. Travelling and subsistence allowances will be paid in accordance with the scale of the County Council. The Psychiatric Social Worker will be on the staff of the County Medical Officer of Health and will be required to undertake Child Guidance work on behalf of the Education Committee and Mental Health Work on behalf of the Health Committee. Forms of application and copies of the conditions of service may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom applications—together with copies of three recent testimonials—should be forwarded as soon as possible. William Taylor, County Medical Officer of Health, County Health Office, College Hill, Shrewsbury.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required to work in the Child Guidance Clinic (Hill End and Watford). Salary in accordance with the National Joint Negotiating Committee (Hospital Staffs) Reports. Ability to drive a car essential. Applications stating age and experience with copies of testimonials should be sent to the Medical Superintendent, Hill End Hospital, St. Albans, Herts.

EAST Suffolk County Council. Borough of Lowestoft Committee for Education. Applications are invited from trained and experienced Women and Men for the post of Leader to a Mixed Club in the North of the Borough. The Club has its own premises, including Leader's flat. Salary for trained Leaders according to the Burnham Scale for Teachers (Women: £318 × £15—£504; Men: £375 × £15—£630). Other applicants with satisfactory experience may be considered. Salary scale: Women: £300 × £12—£408; Men: £430 × £15—£435.) Full particulars and application form can be obtained from the Borough Education Officer, 44 High St., Lowestoft. Closing date for applications January 21, 1952.

JEWISH Board of Guardians, 127 Middlesex Street, Bishopsgate, E.1.—Applications are invited for the post of assistant accountant. Book-keeping, preparation of accounts, balance sheets, etc. Salary scale £350 × 30 × £500. Commercial salary according to qualifications. Non-contributory pension scheme. Apply in writing with full personal details, to the Secretary.

AL your service for introductions to secretarial posts in Central London. Call and see Miss Topham, Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BRISTOL, near. Kingswood Classifying School, Kingswood. Principal, R. H. Adams, M.A., B.Sc., A.B.P.S. Psychiatric Social Worker required for pioneer appointment in this Approved School. Salary £420 × £20 to £580. Single accommodation available if desired, at a charge of £78 p.a. for board & lodging. Further details from Sec.

SUPERINTENDENT wanted in small Birmingham Hostel for school-aged children. C. of E. Experience essential. Write Miss Little, 40 Queens College Chambers, Paradise St., Birmingham.

THE Jewish Orphanage, West Norwood, has vacancies for House Mothers to take charge of small family groups of children during out-of-school hours. No domestic duties. Experience in youth work desirable. Salary £200 to £320 per annum plus full residential emoluments. Pension scheme. Commencing salary according to qualifications. Application form obtainable from Secretary, 76 Leigham Court Rd., S.W.16.

AN opportunity is offered for a University Graduate in his early twenties to become the Personal Assistant to the Managing Director of an important group of companies in Hull at present undergoing extensive reorganisation. No commercial experience or technical knowledge is required but preference will be given to applicants with some training in business and economic statistics and their interpretation. Most important qualifications are personal. The position requires energetic application, tact, persistence, ability to assimilate and marshal facts, and a sense of humour. Only those with a clean driving licence need apply. The initial salary offered is £500 p.a. Reply Box 8034.

NATIONAL Marriage Guidance Council requires woman Bookroom Assistant, preferably married, with experience of postal sales. Hours 9-5. Starting salary £5. Particulars and application forms from N.M.G.C. Office Secretary, 78 Duke St., W.1.

ABLE Assistant (effective letter-writer, good organizer, Broad general knowledge) to run general office of progressive social service organization. Electrical Industries' Benevolent Association, 32 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1.

SECRETARY-Receptionist wanted (to start work in March) for Otterburn Hall—a holiday centre running experimental programme in season, and accommodating conference parties in winter. Shorthand and typing essential, book-keeping desirable. The Secretary-Receptionist takes full responsibility for all office work, and she also helps with the programme. Responsible post, good salary. Please apply by January 18, giving details of qualifications and experience (if any) to Secy., Otterburn Hall, Otterburn, Northumberland.

SECRETARY wanted for Features Dept., good shorthand-typing essential. Work Saturdays, Mondays free. Write Deputy Editor, Reynolds News, Pioneer House, Wicklow St., W.C.1.

CHAIRMAN of large textile firm with headquarters in North of England requires Secretary for part-time work in West End of London. Speed, efficiency and initiative essential. Write with full references (copies only) to Box 8007.

PROGRESSIVE charity organisation requires educated woman for post of responsibility. Shorthand typing, knowledge of general office routine. Write in own hand to E.I.B.A., 32, Old Burlington St., W.1.

PROGRESSIVE charity organisation reqs. junior shorthand typist for general office duties. Good education. Write in own hand to E.I.B.A., 32 Old Burlington St., W.1.

ARTIST Art Master requires help with house. Friendly interesting home. Three school-age children. Norwich. Box 7955.

YOUNG teachers require girl, preferably foreign, to take sole charge child, 1½, during day. Bed-sitting room, board, 30s. Hillside 1219.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG woman B.Sc. (Econ.), specialist Sociology, fluent French, 3 years translator-interpreter in international organisation, journalistic exp., touch-typist, good mixer, seeks useful work. Box 8063.

YOUNG lady, 19, perfectly bilingual English-French, main interest Literature and Arts, French Univ. Diploma, desires post where these assets could be used orally or otherwise. Secretl. college training. Box 8010.

EXPERIENCED nomad, widely wandered Europe, knowledge languages, international affairs, people; Cambridge grad., ex-Navy; intstg., unusual offers welc. Box 7931.

INTELLIGENT young lady, interests literature, theatre, music, good secretarial qualifications, seeks job. Box 7846.

YOUNG lady, 21, fed up with office routine, seeks interesting and congenial post. Fluent French, shorthand-typing, intelligence and enthusiasm. Box 7994.

POST reqd. Gent, 27, Matric., typ.; cultured interests. Suggns.: Box 7934.

LADY, versatile, admin. exp., langs., typ., sks. responsible position. Box 8033.

LADY, 40's, educ., good cook, sks. post housekpr./sec. Highest refs. Box 7968.

EDUCATED girl, 19, wishes congenial post London or abroad. Any suggestions? Box 7867.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

CAN'T afford to take interesting underpaid job. Girl, 21, nevertheless seeks congenial secretarial position. Two years' exp., University education, widely travelled, interested international affairs. Box 7811.

YOUNG lady, Matric, standard, knowledge of French, seeks position. Preferably social work. Box 8042.

FELLOWSHIPS

FELLOWSHIPS in Educational Psychology. Fellowships are offered for a three-term training in Educational and Clinical Psychology carrying maintenance grant. Applicants must be over 25, having Honours Degree in Psychology or equivalent psychological qualifications and previous experience of responsible work with children. Forms of application from the National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne Street, W.1, to be returned by February 6, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Durham Institute of Education. The Institute proposes to appoint a Research Fellow at a salary within the range £900 to £900 according to qualifications and experience. Superannuation under the F.S.S.U. or otherwise can be arranged. Further details may be obtained from the Registrar, 46 North Bailey, Durham. Ten copies of applications, indicating research interests within the field of Education, and giving names of three referees, should be received by the Registrar, 46 North Bailey, Durham, before January 31, 1952.

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DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed breakf., dinner opt. Moderate.

SERVICE Rooms with bkfast. Knightsbridge, near bus/tube. Gas fires. H. & c. Apply Pell, 13 Beaufort Gdns., S.W.3. KEN. 4740.

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LARGE furn. bed-sit. rm. in sunny Hampstead flat, h.w., use bathrm., kit., tel., linen. Suit business girl. Box 8108.

LONDON. Professional people seeking a really well-furn. service room with breakfast & dinner, close to West End, are invited to call at Park House, 143 Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARk 6280.

TO Let: Comf. furn. room, all conveniences; 1st floor, S. Kensington. FRE. 2881.

NEWLY-decorated bed-sitting room. Notting Hill Gate. 10s. weekly to child-lover willing to take charge of baby boy 2 or 3 afternoons. Independence respected. 'Phone PAR. 4766, or write Box 8009.

WANSTEAD, 6 mins. Cent. Line Stn. (20 min. City direct), furn. bed-sit. rm., dble. bed, ckg. facils., tel., bath, etc., mod. house. Pisnt. surrdgs., £2 2s. p.w. Garage if reqd. Also small room 25s. p.w. Box 7993.

VACANT small furn. rm., suit man wishing to live independently. Gas ring, elect. fire, tel., garden. 37s. per wk. Box 7969.

FURN. room in large Highgate flat. Use kit., bathroom. Constant hot water. 35s. Suitable for student, schoolmistress, etc. Phone evening, MOU 2737.

TO let: v. small room & use of kitchen-dining room & bathroom. Rent, lighting, heating & service 25s.; 5d. to Charing Cross, 7 mins. Victoria. Meals by arrangement. Suit friendly, unconventional person, either sex. Telephone BAT. 6333 on Sunday mngs.

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FINCHLEY. Well-furn. bed-sit. room. Excel. cooking facilities. Box 7966.

DORSET. Flat to let: 3 rooms, k., b., 3gns. furnished or part-furnished. Rent reduction to congenial tenants who would caretake house and cat when owner away. Might suit writer. Salisbury-Dorchester bus route. Garden available. Mrs. Anthony West, Tarrant Hinton, Blandford.

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EXCH. luxury bachelor flat (controlled rent) mod. block, for 3- or more-roomed flat at controlled rent, London. MAI. 1695.

PROFESSIONAL lady requires unfurnished flatlet Hampstead area. Box 8092.

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FOOTSORE graduates, professional workers, anxious to marry, seek deflationary landlord with unfurn. or semi-furn. flat, North London preferred. Max. £2 10s. per week. Hill, Ewell 7376, after 6.30 p.m.

YOUNG man wishes buy/rent cottage/small house Bletchley Aspthill district; would consider unfurnished rooms or as paying guest (vegetarian). Box 8059.

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ANGLO-Swiss morning nursery school, Ladbroke Grove, W.11; co-educational 2-5 years. Car service. Priv. tel. PRI. 8881.

KINDERGARTEN Boarding School, 3-8. Activity methods on sound psychological principles. High academic standard. Miss M. Paget, B.A., Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs. Telephone Thanet 62547.

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THE Middle Way in Education has been practised for the last 3 years with very promising results at a Preparatory School for boys and girls on the Suffolk Coast. Progressive methods have made for mental freedom without sacrificing good manners, a high standard of work and general cleanliness. Exceptionally gd. food and very pleasant background. Pinewoods & sea. Prosp.: Sizewell Hall, Suffolk.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 52

LONDON School of Economics and Political Science. (University of London.) Applications are invited from social workers for places in the Mental Health Course which is a one-year full-time Course commencing October, 1952. Grants are available for suitable applicants. This training qualifies for psychiatric social work in Child Guidance Clinics, Mental Hospitals, and Mental Health Services in general. Candidates must already hold a Social Science Certificate, a Degree followed by practical training in social work, or other recognized equivalents. They must be aged at least 22, and preference will be given to those between the ages of 24 and 35 who have been employed as social workers. Applications may be made now, and must be received not later than March 31, 1952 (January 31, 1952, for overseas applicants). Further particulars may be obtained from the Tutor, Mental Health Course, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, London, W.C.2.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. New Courses Jan. 16. Social amenities. Apply to J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Road, N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

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RELEASE from over-tension and over-fatigue through re-education of posture and movement. Many symptoms are based on faulty muscular habits. Enquiries to Secretary, The Isobel Cripps Centre, 18 Lansdowne Road, Holland Park, London, W.11. Tel. Park 7222.

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EASTER SCHOOLS

EASTER, Summer and Week-end Drama Schools (Day or Eve.). Christchurch Studio Theatre, Regent's Park, N.W.1. Acting Technique, Speech, Mime, Movement, Production, Make-up, Rehearsals. Registrar, Mrs. M. Medd, Heathdene, Otford, Kent.

PERSONAL

MOTHER of 2 young children, one school age, must resume professional work and needs housekeeper to share responsibility for children and run small modern house (Lond. subs.). Box 7775.

CULTURED, middle-aged Continental woman of high integrity, capable, good cook, offers part-time service return pleasant room London and salary. Box 7981.

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BOHEMIAN (m) sks. similar for leisurely cycling Spain March/Apr. Box 7936.

A PROFESSIONAL service of play-reading and criticism offered to playwrights. Details from Box 7615.

BACHELOR 45 considering migrating N.Z./Australia autumn 1952 glad to hear of another similarly placed. BM/FFBW, W.C.1.

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PERSONAL—continued

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SWITZERLAND is Cheaper—10-day holiday, 21gns., 14 days from 24gns. All inclusive, London back to London with excellent hotels and food and escorted travel. Perfect holidays at delightful lakeside & mountain resorts. Currency allowance simple. Write for free illustrated literature to Dept. (N.S.), B.T. Swiss Travel Agency, 59 Crawford St., London, W.1. (Tel.: AMB. 4434/5.)

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CANAL cruising holidays for lovers of fine scenery. Comfortable cruisers for 2-6 people. Houseboat and Motorboat. Canal Cruising (N), Stone, Staffs.

YUGOSLAV Holiday Friendship Society. Holidays, 1952 (April to Oct.). Accommodation in hostels and camps of Yugoslav Trade Unions, Youth Movements, etc. 16 days' inclusive (London), from £19 (north) to £24 (south). Accom. only, £3 to £3 10s. weekly; daily 10s. to 12s. 6d. Reductions for Youth, Off-peak travellers, Family exchange, etc. Write: The Sec., 16 Domeraile House, Bbury Bridge, London, S.W.1. No accommodation offered to commercial organisations.

IMPROVE your English, French or German at the Sunday Language Circle, Sundays 4-7 p.m. S.K. Restaurant, South Kensington Station, Arcade, 1st floor.

REDECORATE before spring cleaning. Estimates fr. £5. Lond. area. Box 5137.

ENGLISH for foreigners, private lessons or small groups, by painstaking, successful Continental teacher. Mrs. Smekal, 8 Arkwright Road, N.W.3. HAM. 3818.

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PERSONAL—continued

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

PLEBS January issue includes "The Pint Pot," by Douglas Houghton, M.P.; "Highlights of 1951," by Lewis H. Burgess; "The Ragged-Trousered Philanthropists," by W. D. Morris; "It's Norway Next," by L. P. M. Millar; "The N.C.L.C.," The W.E.A., and the Unions," by H. A. Turner; "This Wicked World," by J. P. M.; "How It Happened," by Edward Redfern; "Manual Workers and Adult Education." Plebs costs 6d., by post 7½d., or 7s. per year from N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

"KOREA, The Lie that led to War," by Sir John Pratt. This pamphlet, by one of Britain's foremost experts on China, gives the facts. 4d. post free from Britain-China Friendship Assoc., 17 Bishop's Bridge Rd., W.2.

"NEW Central European Observer," 12s. year. 40 Great Russell St., W.C.1.

BOOKS, secondhand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, Newcity Rd., Glasgow.

CHURCH Street Bookshop, 57 Kensington Church St., W.8. New and secondhand books. Also full stock Everymans, Penguins and similar editions. Open all day Saturday. (WES. 4014.)

ENJOY "Rude Health" for 1 year for 8s. ($1.50). Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

THE Journal of Sex Education, a popular scientific Journal for the sexual enlightenment of adults, edited by Norman Haire, Ch.M., M.B., 2s. 9d. post free. Annual subscription 12s. 6d. Inquiries with stamped addressed envelope to Secretary, 36 Devonshire Mews West, London, W.1. Wel. 7840.

AMERICAN magazines: Nat. Geog. Mag., Popular Mechanics, Fortune, etc., by postal subscription. Send for details: Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from Mrs. Dickin, Hill Top, Park Rd., Bridport, Dorset.

"NEW Story," 2s. 6d. monthly, the magazine for the short story. From "Better Books," Charing X Rd., London, W.C.2. (Annl. sub. 30s. post free). Specimen copy free, on receipt of postage, from "New Story," 6 Boulevard Poissonière, Paris 9e, France.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

HAMMERSMITH Bookshop. Books bought. Beadon Rd., W.6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

MISCELLANEOUS

IRVING Theatre Club, Leicester Square. A Rendezvous for Players and Playgoers. Regular Seasons of Intimate Revues & Plays. Annl. Sub.: Full members 21s., Equity Members 10s. 6d., Theatre Members 5s. Lounge bar and food counter. Apply 17 Irving St., W.C.2. WHI. 3678.

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LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer (of Ramsey & Muspratt), London Studio, 5 Warwick Gdns., Kensington High St. WES. 1398 (ring mornings if possible).

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., London, N.W.1.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker Street, W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

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THE London Contact Lens Clinic, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Particulars, MUS. 8923.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

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STUDENTSHIPS

EILEEN Power Studentship 1952-53.—The Trustees of the Eileen Power Memorial Fund invite applications for the Eileen Power Studentship in Social and Economic History. The studentship is of the value of £300 per annum, and may be renewed for a second year. Candidates must be graduates of a university and must submit with their applications particulars of their qualifications and a scheme for the study of some subject in social or economic history. Applications, accompanied by not more than two testimonials and the names of two or three referees, should be received not later than March 1, 1952, by the Chairman of the Trustees, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St., Aldwych, London, W.C.2.

BEDFORD College for Women (University of London), Regent's Park, N.W.1. The Council of Bedford College for Women (University of London) invite applications for the Susan Stebbing Studentship, value £100, for post-graduate work in Philosophy, open to suitably qualified women graduates from any university. Apply to the Principal before March 1, 1952.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS (Tem. 3334). 7 (ex. Mon.). St. Sun. 5 & 8. "Thieves Carnival." Mems. 5s.

UNITY, Eus. 5191. "Mother Goose" political panto. Weds. to Suns. 7.30. Mems.

IRVING (WHI. 8657). Until Sun., Jan. 20, 7.30 & 10.15 excl. Mon., Sun. 5 & 9. Susil Kumar & His Indian Dancers. Mems.

"SAPPHO," by Lawrence Durrell. Rehearsed reading with Margaret Rawlings, Robert Speaight. Jan. 20, 8 p.m., at French Institute, S.W.7. Tickets in advance only from Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. GRO. 6186.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Theodore Bikel in "The Deserter." Rehearsed reading of new play by Yehuda Haezrahi. Sunday, Jan. 13 at 7.30. Members free; Guests 2s.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until Jan. 13: Cocteau's "Orpheus" (A). "Désordres" (U). From Jan. 14: Cocteau's "L'Eternel Retour" (A).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3331. Jan. 13, 7.30. "Episode" (A).

NEW Era Film Club. 1st complete showing of outstanding Soviet film "The Young Guard" (Parts I & II) at St. Pancras Town Hall, Sunday, January 20, 7 p.m. Members 2s., guests 2s. 6d. Details, tickets and membership, from New Era Film Club, 40 Berwick Street, W.1. GER. 8993.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall. Soviet Film, "First Year at School," Mon., Jan. 14, 8 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d. B.S.F.S. Ed. Ctee.

"DIE Fledermaus," Johann Strauss' enchanting Viennese Opera. A unique Concert Performance in English: Sunday, January 27, at 3.30 p.m., Monday, January 28, at 7.30 p.m. (in Costumes of the Period). Embassy Theatre, Swiss Cottage, N.W.3. Tickets from 12s. 6d. to 3s. 6d., Embassy Theatre, PRI. 2211, and Anglo-Austrian Society, 139 Kensington High St., W.8. WES. 9003/9173.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall: Jan. 28, 7.30 p.m.: Inaugural Concert: The Society for Twentieth Century Music. The London Symphony Orch. Chamber Ensemble; Norman Del Mar, Kyla Greenbaum; Martin Boddey; Margaret Field-Hyde. Works by Constant Lambert, Edgar Varèse, Luigi Dallapiccola. Tkts: 6s. 6d., 4s. 9d., 3s. 6d., from all Hampstead agents & Chappell's, 50 New Bond St., W.1. MAYfair 7600.

"WOZZECK," by Alban Berg. Intro. by John Gardner, with illus. by members of the Covent Gdn. cast. Sun., Jan. 27, at 8 p.m. Three Arts Clubs, 35 Great Cumberland Place, W.1. Parties, from Hon. Sec., Opera Circle, 69 Kensington Court, W.8.

GOLD Coast music & dance lecture demonstration. Philip Gbeho, I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Jan. 11, 8 p.m.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Jan. 18, at 8. London Classical Orch. Trevor Harvey, Cumpoli. Works Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Cruft, Racine Fricker. Tckts. 10s. to 2s. 6d. Box Office (WAT. 3191) & agents.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Hebrew and Yiddish songs. Record recital introduced by Chaim Lipshitz. Thurs., Jan. 17 at 8 p.m.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society will hold a dance on Sat., Jan.12, 7.30 p.m. at Artworkers Guild Hall, 6 Queen Sq., W.C. Members and friends. Adm. 4s. at door.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints, full range on show at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields). Illus. Catalogue 6d. post free.

SEA. Pictures for Schools Exhibition. The Art Gallery, The Imperial Institute, South Kensington, S.W.7. January 12 to 31. Hours of opening, 10 a.m. to 4.30 p.m., week-days; 2.30 to 6 p.m. Sundays. Admission free.

THE Italian Institute, 49 Belgrave Square, S.W.1—Great Britain and Italy in the Risorgimento, 1815-1848 (Foscolo, Byron, Mazzini, Carlyle, Garibaldi, Palmerston, etc.: pictures and records). Dec. 7, 1951-Feb. 7, 1952. Mon.-Fri., 11-6; Sat., 11-4; Sun., 2-4. Adm., 1s. 6d. Members free.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Paintings & Drawings by Zainul Abedin.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Paintings by Julian Trevelyan, Orovida and Cawthra Mulock. Designs for "Donald of the Burthens" by Colquhoun & MacBryde. Hours 10-6; Sat. 10-1.

BARBARY Group: F. Joss, Ali Nur, Gus Roddon, Michael Ross, Ronald Searle, Fred Uhlman; North Africa—Paintings & Drawings. Sculpture by Rita Ling. Galerie Apollinaire, Litchfield St., facing Ivy Restnt. 11 a.m.-5.30 p.m., exc. Sun. Until Jan. 19.

"YOUNG Sculptors." I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Dly. 10-6. Suns. 2-6.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Dly. inc. Suns. 10-5.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibition: British Medicine and the Continent, 1660-1850. Open daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Degas Sculpture & Drawings, closing Jan. 12. Daily 10-5, Sats. 10-12.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Works by Josef Schwarzmann. Extended until Jan. 13. Mon.-Thurs. 10-5. Fri. 10-3, Sun. 2-5.

RUMANIAN Exhibition, presented by the British-Rumanian Friendship Association at R.W.S. Galleries, 26 Conduit St. (off Regent St.). Life and developments portrayed. Folk Art. Open week-days from 10-7, until January 19. Admission free.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St. W.C.2. Lyonel Feininger. Dly. 11-6, Sats. inc.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Francis Rose.

IRVING Galleries, Irving St., Leics. Sq. Select Paintings, Old and Modern, under 25gns. And Display of Art Books. Until January 31.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"DEMOCRACY: The New Insistence on Democratic Values" by Dr. A. Loveday. Chairman, Professor A. V. Judges. Second lecture in current series of Joseph Payne Memorial Lectures entitled "Horizons in the School" in the College of Preceptors, 2 Bloomsbury Square, W.C.1, on Thursday, January 17 at 6 p.m.

LONDON County Council. "Design and Content in Painting"—a lecture by Mr. Eric Newton will be given at the Central School of Arts and Crafts, Southampton Row, W.C.1, on Thursday, January 17, 1952, at 5 p.m. Admission free without ticket.

NEW N.W. London Fabian Scy. Margaret Cole, "Socialism and the Welfare State," Fri., Jan. 18, 8 p.m.; Unitarian Church Hall, Hoop Lane, Golders Green. Non-Mems. 1s. Enrol: 8 Park Ave., N.W.11.

RACIAL Unity. Public Meeting, Monday, February 4, Central Hall, Westminster, 7.30 p.m. Miss Mary Attlee, H. E. Krishna Menon, High Commissioner for India, Dingle Foot, James Griffiths, M.P., and others. Admission free. Reserved seats and particulars from the Secretary, Racial Unity, 32 Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

INDIA Day. Celebration meeting, Royal Albert Hall, Saturday, January 26, at 3 p.m. Chairman: Reginald Sorensen, M.P. Speakers: The High Commissioner for India, Rt. Hon. C. R. Attlee, M.P., Rt. Hon. Sir Walter Monckton, M.P., Rt. Hon. Lord Pethick-Lawrence, Compton Mackenzie. Indian songs and music. Tickets 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s. and 2s. 6d. from Albert Hall or India League, 47 Strand, W.C.2. TRA. 6465.

CHRISTIAN Action Lunch-hour Forum, 33 Caxton Hall, Tu., Jan. 15, 1.10 p.m. Bishop of Sheffield on "Refugees." Buffet.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "Some Recent Research on Industrial Morale" will be given by Professor Daniel Katz (Michigan) at 5.30 p.m. on January 14, at Birkbeck College, Malet Street, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

LUNCH Hour Talks on Yoga and Mind Control. Caxton Hall, S.W. Tuesdays 1 p.m. January 15: The Eternal Wisdom. January 22: From Death to Immortality. January 29: Yoga in Practice.

MISS E. Pauline Quigly will speak on "Some Festivals of S.E. Asia," at 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, on Fri., January 18, at 8.15. All welc.; no charge.

PUBLIC Debate. Which party should the working class support? The Socialist Party of Great Britain (J. Thornburn) or the Liberal Party (Roy Douglas). Monday, Jan. 14, at 7.30, Shoreditch Town Hall.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall. Thurs. 7.40 p.m. Jan. 17: Cosmology. All welcome.

FARM Street Church, W.1 (Entrance also in Mount St.) Wednesday, Jan. 16, 6.30, the 2nd of four Conferences by Fr. Leycester King, S.J.: "Religion and the Psychological Ills of Society."

BELGIAN Igst., 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Thurs., Jan. 17, 6.30 p.m. Lecture by Prof. Emile Cammaerts. Subject: "Relationship between Flemish and Italian Art in the XVth Century" (Lantern Slides). Adm. free.

"MAN Conquers Nature": Speakers, films, exhibition on new Soviet schemes of afforestation, irrigation, electrification. Prof. J. D. Bernal, F.R.S., Dr. S. M. Manton, F.R.S., Andrew Rothstein, P. Le Gros Clark, J. Dunman, Eleanor Fox. Sun., Jan. 13, 3 p.m., Battersea Town Hall. Tkts. 2s. from S.C.R. 14 Kensington Sq. W.8 or at door.

SCIENCE for Peace: National Conference, Sat.-Sun., Jan. 19-20, Holborn Hall, W.C.1. All scientists welcome. Participant's fee: 5s. Details from Dr. A. H. Gordon, 49 Flower Lane, N.W.7.

"IS There a Divine Plan?" C. R. Groves, M.Sc. (General Secretary, Theosophical Society in England). Sun., Jan. 13, 7 p.m. Theosophical Soc., 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

SAFRICAN Students' Assoc. Abe Desmore on "The Colour Bar—An Obstacle to Progress." Jan. 18, 8 p.m., at Friends International House, 32 Tavistock Sq. W.C.1.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., Jan. 16, 7.30 p.m. at St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "The Chinese Revolution." Speaker, O. M. Green (Correspondent of the Observer) and Peter Townsend. Adm. 1s. 6d.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"THE Democratic Control of Foreign Affairs." F. Elwyn Jones, M.P., chair: Basil Davidson. January 15, 1952, 6.45 p.m. Hope House, Gt. Peter St., S.W.1. First Meeting, U.D.C. Foreign Affairs Forum. Entrance 1s. at door. Details future meetings, Union of Democratic Control, 32 Victoria St., London, S.W.1. (Abbey 9770.)

ALL Nations Social Club. "Astrology and Your Life Problems," by Mrs. A. Sudbury-Hurren. Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8 p.m. Questions and discussion. Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W. 1. (Behind Cumberland Hotel.) Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

BRAINS Trust. January 22, 8.15 p.m. Caxton Hall. Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery, Vernon Bartlett, John Connell, Lt.-Gen. H. G. Martin. Question Master, S. S. Hammersley. Subject: "British Policy in the Middle East," with particular reference to Israel. Tickets: 2s. 6d. (seats reserved) from Secretary, Anglo-Israel Association, 13 Mansfield St., W.1.

SEX Education Society. Mr. R. Wood will speak on "Season and Taboo in Sexual Conduct," at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., London, W.C.1, at 7 p.m., on Monday, January 14. Non-members 2s. admission. On Monday, February 11, Mr. John Symonds will speak on "The Sexual Invocations of Aleister Crowley." Inquiries with stamped addressed envelope to Secretary, 36 Devonshire Mews West, London, W.1. Wel. 7840.

LUNCH-hour talk on "Trinidad" by W. A. Bruno, Esq., on Tues., Jan. 15, at 12.45 p.m. Admission 6d. Canteen. At Abbey Community Centre, 29 Marsham St., S.W.1.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Jan. 14. Films: Robert Flaherty. Jan. 15. "Points of View" (Exhibitions Francis Bacon and Balthus).

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., Jan. 15, at 7.45 p.m. Music by Janacek and Folk Music on gramophone records, intro. by Mr. Malcolm Raymond, who attended Prague Spring Music Festival 1951. Chair.: Miss Nora Bligh. All welcome, adm. free.

WOOL Education Society. Lectures in London, Leeds, Manchester, Cambridge. Members receive quarterly journal "Wool Knowledge." For details of membership apply to Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent St., London, S.W.1.

WILLIAM Blake. New Light on Prophetic books through Irish language, folklore and clan O'Neill history researches. Editor "Irish Democrat" invites those interested to hear Mrs. O'Higgins summarise her results on Tuesday, Jan. 15, 14 Kensington Square, W.8 (behind Barkers), 7.30 p.m.

CONWAY Discussion Circle. South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Mr. Hector Hawton in the library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Jan. 15, E. Royston Pike, "Gibbon—The Man Behind the History." Admission free. Collection.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. Jan. 13: Sleep and Dreams.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. Jan. 13, Dr. Helen Rosenau, "Artistic Movements and Revivals of the Past." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m.

MICHAEL MacOwan on "Problems of using the Elizabethan Stage" at Arts Council, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Tues., Jan. 22, 7.30 p.m. Tickets (2s. 6d.) Shakespeare Stage Society, 96 Charlotte St., W.1.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assocn. Tues., Jan. 15. Mr. Abram Games will speak on "Problems of Design in 1951." Arts Theatre Club, 5-6 Gt. Newport Street, W.C.2, at 8 p.m. Visitors 2s.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Whom does Humanism exclude?" At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Jan. 13 at 11 a.m.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. January 19, at 6 p.m. M. Jean Nepveu-Degas ("Alliance Française"): "Les sources classiques et etrangères du théâtre français contemporain."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

MOUNTAINEERING Association Lectures, Caxton Hall, Westminster, colour slides; films. January 30, February 13, February 27, C. Douglas Milner, "Climbing at Home and Abroad"; B. R. Goodfellow, "Guideless Climbing"; M. M. Miller, "Ascent of Mount Elbis (Alaska)." Tickets 3s. each lecture, obtainable only from E. H. Large, 43 Rainsford Lane, Chelmsford. Also Film Show, March 5 and 6. "Climbs in the Dolomites," "La Meije," "Skiing in Norway," "Climbing the Rockies," etc. 2s. 6d.

GOLDSMITH'S College, New Cross, S.E.14. A 12-meeting University Extension Course on "Adult Education in a Changing World" will be held on Fridays, 7 p.m., from Jan. 11. Course fee 5s.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

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(Lecture Courses, etc.—contd. on p. 51)

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